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New Statesman

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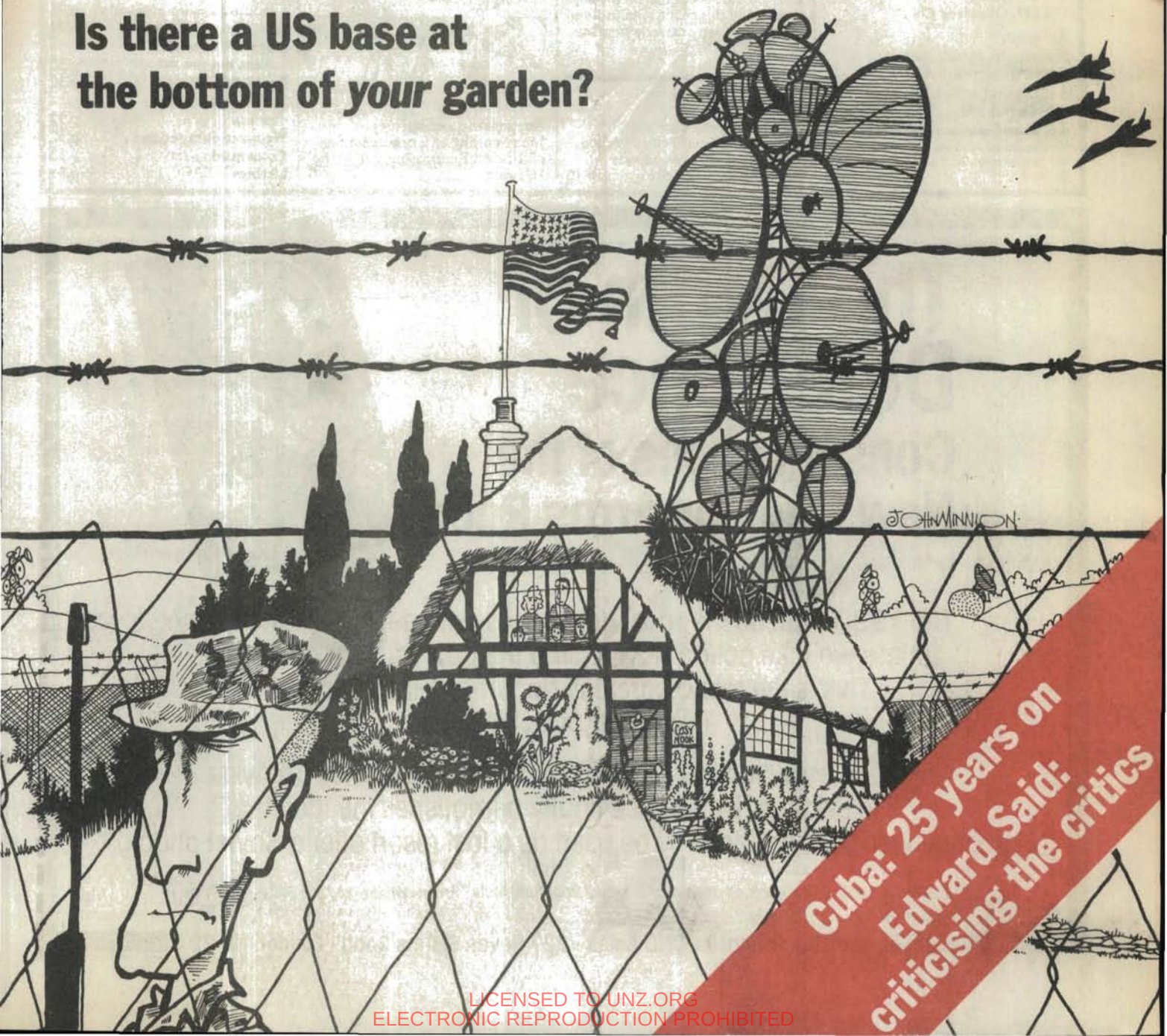

Cuba: 25 years on

Edward Said: criticising the critics

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New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1984 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Milton
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £32, Overseas £36

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £41, Africa, India, South America £45, Australasia, Far East £49, USA $79, Canada $92

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Cover drawing: John Minnion

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Duncan Campbell explains why you know so little about the US military presence in this country, in the first of three exclusive extracts from his new book p.8

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The Cuban people are still enthusiastic about their revolution, 25 years old this year, reports Maria-Teresa Guerreiro p.16

Critical meanings
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Surprising sensitivity
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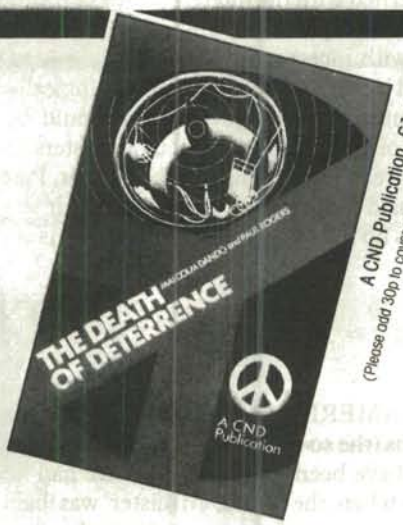
The Death of Deterrence

Consequences of the New Nuclear Arms Race

by Malcolm Dando and Paul Rogers



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New Statesman Vol 107 No 2769 13 April 1984

Sold down the farm

MR MICHAEL JOPLING is not exactly a household name. But it has become mud in farming circles. It is being put around in those circles that, as Mrs Thatcher's Agriculture Minister, he is a traitor to the industry. What is meant by this is that he is the first holder of his office in living memory — under either Tory or Labour governments — who has not understood his main job as being about getting as much money as possible for farmers. The cries of betrayal are the worse, because they thought — not without reason — that he was one of them. He had in the '60s, after all, been a member of the national council of the National Farmers' Union and secretary of the Tory agriculture committee.

All this is because Mr Jopling supported the Common Market's efforts to cut back guaranteed farm income by less than 1 per cent in the face of huge structural surplus production. Even if these proposals go through, there will still be *at least* 14 per cent more milk production in the EEC next year than can be consumed. EEC agriculture has long been a political and economic obscenity, which no one has had the political courage to face.

At last a wider public is beginning to appreciate the scale of the collusive con trick against the consumer and the taxpayer that has been achieved over the years by the Ministry of Agriculture and the NFU working together. The Ministry's full title is Agriculture, Fisheries and Food — with the implication that it is also concerned with the interests of the consumer. In practice, it is a Whitehall department sponsoring and protecting farmers' interest, with incestuously close relationships with the industry itself at all levels. (A simple but psychologically important reform for any future Labour government would be to rename it the Ministry of Food.) All ambitious ministers end up fighting for their empire. Under Jopling's predecessor, Peter Walker, it could fairly be said that farmers had never had it so good.

There is no industry in this country that is so highly subsidised, or enjoys such tax concessions. It has been estimated that these benefits, added together, are worth some £20,000 per year for every farmer and £7,000 a year for every employee in the industry. Arthur Scargill is in the wrong business.

But congratulating a Tory government for standing up for the first time to the farming lobby is not the same thing as congratulating it for its handling of the EEC negotiations over agriculture. For, as we shall discover at the next EEC summit meeting in Paris in June, it has not done so. Ever since 1973, when Britain joined the EEC, it has been recognised that the Common Agricultural Policy was a monster, contrary to all British interests except those of its farmers. But, the argument went, when the EEC budget hits the ceiling of its 'own resources', then we can legitimately demand a fundamental reform of the system, as our price for agreeing to a general increase in EEC revenue.

Come June, and the now virtually certain settlement of the War of Thatcher's Budget, which she declared at Dublin Castle in 1979, it will be seen that no such *fundamental* reform has taken place. Those who have spent years of their life in Common Market negotiations may feel that holding prices, imposing production quotas and allowing Finance Ministers to join their Agriculture colleagues in meetings is some kind of historic advance. But it is not. Only the pressure of imminent bankruptcy produced even these minor concessions. With that lifted, vested interests and political inertia will block any further progress.

The real failure of Mrs Thatcher's EEC policy lies there. She was determined to get most of her way on the budget. But until it was too late she never woke up to the fact that reform of the CAP itself is the *real* British interest. She allowed her energy to be sidetracked. The result will be tinkering, not reform, and for that political failure the British economy will be paying the price for years. □

Thirty year cover-up

UNDER AMERICAN pressure, Mrs Thatcher has agreed to use polygraphs (the so-called lie detectors) at GCHQ in Cheltenham. It would have been interesting if there had been one around on Monday, when the Prime Minister was being interviewed on BBC *Panorama*. Of course polygraphs don't prove for sure whether a person is lying. But they register whether a person is showing symptoms of distress when answering a question.

When Robin Day began to ask questions about the Oman contract (which the Prime Minister was clearly expecting and for which she had rehearsed her parrotted reply. . . 'I answer for what I do'), her whole manner and tone of voice shifted. The transcript of the interview also reveals that at this point her syntax went to pieces. In the rest of the interview Mrs Thatcher steamrollered her way along with facts, figures and assertions. Over Oman she was hanging on to the ropes.

The Prime Minister was asked two questions about Oman — and quite simply refused to answer them. Neither is covered by the defence of not being willing to reveal state secrets, or the content of confidential discussions. The first was whether, when in Oman, she knew of her son's interest in the Cementation bid. (It would be an odd mother-son relationship if she did not, particularly as he was living in No. 10 with his parents at the time.) The second was whether officials at any time expressed concern about the possible conflict of interest between her public duty and her son's private interests. (It would have been very simple to say 'no', if that *was* the case.) The first question she simply ducked (twice). The second she chose to mishear, giving a very carefully phrased answer to a quite different question that she had not been asked.

The inadequacy of the Prime Minister's position was encapsulated in one brief exchange.

> **Day:** Can you give. . .an assurance that if all the facts were disclosed about this matter there would be no evidence of any impropriety on your part and no breach of the rigorous standards we all expect from people in public life?
> **Thatcher:** I believe that is correct.
> **Day:** Then why not publish all the facts?
> **Thatcher:** The facts will be published in due course of time that you know full well when the 30 year records come of course they will.

For that one moment the mask of cant about batting for Britain slipped in public, revealing a woman at an uncharacteristic loss for coherent words. □

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Gaelic banned in Maze

THE NORTHERN Irish prison authorities' attempts to suppress the use of Irish Gaelic in the Maze H-blocks have intensified after September's mass escape.

Republican sources in the prison claim that Gaelic, which is used by the prisoners to communicate with each other and is regarded as a direct expression of their Irish national identity, has been undergoing the 'stiffest period of suppression' since the jail opened in the early seventies.

All 'O' and 'A' level classes in Irish have been suspended indefinitely and Gaelic literature has been banned — effectively halting all further study in the prison's most popular classes.

The blanket censorship of Irish has also been extended to include Belfast and Dublin English-language newspapers if they contain articles in Gaelic or print material critical of the prison authorities. Selective editions of the Belfast nationalist daily, 'The Irish News', have been banned from the prison for containing articles on the Hennessy Report or on the campaign for repatriation by Irish prisoners in British jails. Ireland's second largest paper, the Dublin-based 'Irish Press' is very rarely allowed into the prison because it features a daily Gaelic column.

The ban provoked fury among nationalist circles in Northern Ireland who view it as 'prima facie case of cultural discrimination'. Father Faul, the Maze's Catholic chaplain, was more forthcoming: 'They will let in the *Daily Star* and the *Sun* and all the gutter press of England with all its anti-Irish hatred and its insults to the Cardinal and the Church. But they won't let in ordinary Irish papers.'

Prisons Minister Nicholas Scott has denied that the ban on Irish material is an attempt to 'suppress the legitimate Irish identity' of the prisoners but has justified it on the grounds of security — alleging that there are insufficient censor staff to check the material. Mr Scott was, however, clearly embarrassed by the disclosures on the ending of classes and blamed it on industrial action by the warders — who are still pressing their demands for more staff at the prison and for tighter security by working-to-rule.

Kevin Toolis

Catching the Abbey habit

RENT OFFICE staff have been asked by their Council to act as agents for a building society. In what is believed the first ever sheme of its kind, Wandsworth Council has tried to set up a paying-in service for the Abbey National Building Society at a council tenants' rent office in Roehampton, using its own staff. The decision to go ahead was taken by the Tory Leader of the Council, Paul Beresford, with no committee discussion.

Abbey National staff spent a week training cashiers to accept money from local Council tentants with Abbey National accounts and extensive publicity for Abbey National was placed in the office. Staff will be paid part of the Council's own percentage payment from Abbey National, expected to be around £60,000 a year, 'in recognition of the extra workload involved'.

The scheme has now been suspended, after protests from Nalgo and from local tenants who have been protesting outside the rent office.

Nalgo spokesperson Peter Ramage said it 'threw to the winds any notion of the impartiality of a public servant and was a clear breach of the staff's conditions of service'.

Abbey National's involvement in Roehampton is also being seen as a way of enhancing the climate for council house sales — already emphasised in recent months by the introduction by Wandsworth of a £75 penalty for purchasers who pull out after conveyancing has started — and the offer of £100 vouchers for purchasers who complete early to spend in local stores.

Nalgo also sees a tie-up with the increasing part being played by building societies in the purchase of entire council estates for refurbishment and re-sale.

Abbey National was involved in a consortium which provided the mortgage needed by the Stockbridge Village Trust, to buy 3,200 houses, flats and maisonettes on the Council Farm Estate, on the outskirts of Liverpool last year. Since refurbishment work began tenants have complained of being pressurised to buy or move out. The scheme, which was enacted with the full co-operation of the local Labour-controlled Knowsley District Council, was masterminded by central government, which is now proposing a similar 'Build for Sale' scheme in Labour-controlled Tower Hamlets — on the Devons Road goodsyard site currently owned by the GLC. Nalgo claims that the Halifax Building Society will be involved in the setting-up of a trust to take over the ownership of the site, and of 848 Council dwellings in nearby Teviot Street.

Quentin McDermott

Back on the old school bus

COUNCILS everywhere are cutting the village bus — only to replace it with a school bus. In a bid to save money the council transport committee cuts bus subsidies. But the education committee then has to hire the same bus to take children to school.

The result is that the shire counties of England now spend more on school transport than they do on subsidising their local buses.

Under the 1944 Education Act local education authorities have to provide free school transport for children living over three miles from a school (or two miles for children under eight years old).

So as the largely Tory-controlled shires have cut back on their bus subsidies, the responsibility of the transport committees, then so the education committees have had to pick up the tab. And where the cuts have meant bus services have been withdrawn, then so the education committees have to provide school buses.

In 1983/4 the shire counties spent a total of £112 million on school transport, but only £88 million on bus subsidies. The cost of school transport in the shire counties is much higher than in the cities. On average the shires spent £25 per pupil last year — four times the amount spent by education authorities in the big cities.

These figures have never been compared before, partly because school buses are not part of the transport grant system and partly because in the big cities education and public transport are the responsibilities of different councils.

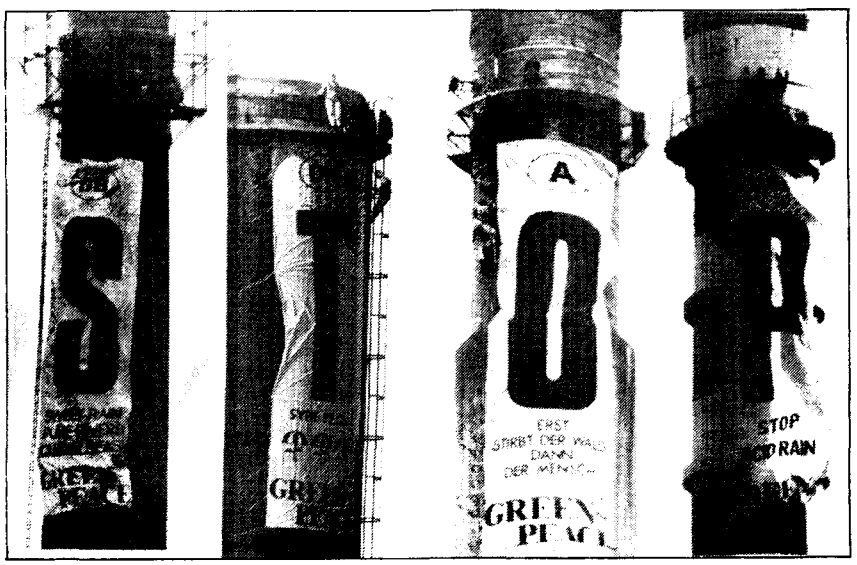
The figures clearly show that counties with reasonable public transport subsidy policies need to spend less on school buses. Thus, despite a national fall in school rolls of 13 per cent between 1978/9 and 1983/4 spending per pupil in the shire counties has risen by 1.5 per cent in real terms. In the big cities, where subsidies have been increased to sustain public transport, spending per pupil has fallen by 16 per cent over the same period.

There are some staggering differences between individual counties. Cleveland, a Labour-controlled shire county, spends £7 million on bus subsidies. But it spends less than £½ million on school transport, just £4 per pupil.

On the other hand Somerset, which spends £½ million on bus subsidies, has to spend £2.6 million on school buses — £41 per pupil. Critics argue that counties like Somerset could have a decent bus service, *and* get their children to school, for the same outlay.

Mick Hamer

Taking a pot shot



This acid rain protest co-ordinated by Greenpeace last week spread across eight countries. The four chimneys shown here are in England (on a coking plant in Tony Benn's Chesterfield), Denmark, Austria and Belgium. But similar mountaineering feats were also performed in France, Holland, West Germany and Czechoslovakia, where the climbers — not Czechoslovak nationals — were initially shot at but then only fined a small sum and deported. The idea was to show the need for a co-ordinated approach to the acid rain problem but the UK could do well by making a start on its own. Alone of the northern EEC countries, it has refused to initiate a programme of reducing sulphur dioxide emission and heads the league table of polluters with 4¼m tonnes per year ●

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Windscale plutonium on Scottish east coast

TRACES OF radioactive plutonium and caesium from the Sellafield (formerly Windscale) nuclear reprocessing plant in Cumbria have been found in the Firth of Forth on the east coast of Scotland. The pollution is thought to have been carried from Sellafield by sea currents around the north of England.

According to a report made public on Monday by Edinburgh District Council's Director of Environmental Health, Alec Turner, radioactive pollution has been found in the marine sediment at Aberlady Bay, a popular nature reserve just east of Edinburgh. Isotopes of plutonium and caesium, which are regularly discharged into the Irish Sea from Sellafield, have been discovered to a depth of six inches.

Ten local authorities round the Forth (including Edinburgh) have now agreed to fund a major project to monitor the levels of radioactive pollution in the sea. The work, due to begin this month, is being carried out by the Radiation Monitoring Group recently established by the Science Faculty at Napier College in Edinburgh. The main purpose is to provide the basic information which will monitor the effect of any emissions from the new nuclear power station at Torness in East Lothian after it begins working in 1986.

While the level of pollution is far lower than on the west coast, there is disagreement about the possibility of health risks. Alec Turner is anxious to avoid scaremongering, saying that 'no one is in any danger at the present levels'. The man in charge of the monitoring project, Dr Robert Wheaton, is less dogmatic, taking refuge in a double negative: 'I could not say that there is absolutely no danger'.

He pointed out that there is a possible risk, if some polluted sediment dries out and plutonium-contaminated particles are blown inland. A tiny speck of plutonium can cause cancer, if inhaled. There was also the fear that the unusual currents around Aberlady Bay could have created radioactive 'hotspots'.

Rob Edwards

Ratepayers reject capping

RATE-CAPPING is a thorougly unpopular measure, according to the first opinion poll on the government's plans to curb local councils' spending. Not only were most people against it, but they felt that rate-capping wouldn't reduce rates or give better value for money.

The survey, which has received no publicity in the national press except a small item in the *Financial Times*, was conducted by MORI for the Association of London Authorities.

It found that local councils have managed to get the message across that it is not their fault that rates have been rising so fast, but it is due to the removal of subsidies. Of just under 1,300 Londoners interviewed, 52 per cent were against the idea of the government having more power to control how much local councils spend. More people (36 per cent) put the blame for rate increases on the government than on local councils (23 per cent) although a further 23 per cent apportioned the blame equally.

In response to a question aimed at identifying controversial items of spending, a majority of people (59 per cent) were in favour of councils financing community groups which 'help blacks and Asians' and even amongst Tory voters the figure was 45 per cent (with 42 per cent against). All other spending mentioned (the elderly, under-fives, legal and welfare advice and women) received overwhelming support.

Most respondents were aware that councils empty the bins, sweep the roads, and run libraries but knew little about their other activities.

But the best finding for local authorities was that people felt more satisfied with how their borough was being run than with how the government was running the country.

Christian Wolmar

MISCELLANY

Contracting out

Death is very private in Altrincham. At the local 82-bed hospital, undertakers have to be brought in to move bodies from the wards to the mortuary when people gasp their last at night. Until recently there were two porters on night duty, but now there is only one, who can't move bodies on his own. So a local undertaker has been given a contract to do the job. Deputy Administrator

Candy Butcher stressed that this had nothing to do with the government's privatisation drive, but was the result of a productivity bonus scheme negotiated with the unions.

Catching them young

Public schools aren't what they used to be, although perhaps Uppingham was never one of the *best* schools. The latest edition of the old boy's newsletter records the results of a mock election held at the time of the general election. Another ugly portent for the Alliance I'm afraid: P. Lloyd (New Communist) 272 votes; E. Douglas (Labour) 120; D. Josephs (Independent Conservative) 32. The unnamed Alliance and 'National Conservative' candidates got 29 and 16 votes respectively. Lest any old boys have a heart attack at the prospect of another generation of Blunts, the newsletter's editor adds: 'The voting reflected the School's appreciation of witty speeches rather than any serious political reaction'.

Why the GLC's going

There are twice as many Tory MPs in Greater London as Labour ones, notes Frank Dobson, one of the outnumbered few. He has written to all 56 of his Tory counterparts urging them to vote against abolishing next year's GLC elections. As the GLC is elected on the same constituency boundaries as they are, what are they scared of? Well actually, Frank, they are a little worried about losing the election — even if this means losing seats like Streatham and Kensington, which have been Tory since 1945. To retain control of the GLC Labour needs a swing from the 1983 general election result in London of 7½ per cent — this includes winning Woolwich, currently SDP (in parliament, not the GLC), Bermondsey, currently Liberal, and Erith and Crayford, currently Tory with the SDP in second place (and Labour a close third). But a MORI poll in the *Standard* two weeks ago gave Labour a 10-point lead in London, a Tory-to-Labour swing of 8 per cent, with a 6 per cent Alliance-to-Labour swing for good measure.

Double cross-benchers

A three line whip in the House of Lords (the first for almost five years) headed off the rumoured revolt on Monday against the rate-capping bill. The 235 and 153 vote for the Tories was also presented as a 'vote of Confidence' in 'Good Old Willie' as the new Tory Leader in the Lords. There would only have been an upset if there had been a sizeable Tory defection and all the so-called cross-benchers had voted against. As it was 20 of them voted with the government — including former Labour ministers Marsh and Chalfont, who claim for reasons best known to themselves to be cross-benchers rather than Tories. Earl Wilson and Lady Falkender were among the 86 Labour peers voting against, with 24 Liberals, 19 SDPers, 4 bishops and 2 Tories (Lord Alport and the Rev. Lord Sandford, who is president of the Association of District Councils). The best anti-capping speech came from Baroness Stedman, who defected to the SDP in 1981.

My word is my Bond

The *Express* made a judge very cross on Monday by running a front page tirade against the Greenham peace camp just as the first jury trial of Greenham women was reaching its closing stages. The case at Reading Crown Court, where 11 women faced criminal damages charges, had to be stopped and a re-trial ordered because the *Express* named one of the defendants in its '£17,000 in bank as sisters go hungry' exclusive. The *Express*'s action cost the taxpayer tens of thousands of pounds, since the case had been running for four days. A pure coincidence, of course, but just four weeks ago the Press Council delivered its verdict on an earlier *Express* story — 'Red mole shock at Greenham' — published last August: it was untrue. Worse, it was abusive and untrue. So the *Express* promptly despatched 'undercover girl' Sarah Bond to the 'world's most notorious peace protest camp'. (An odd thing to do, for an editor who had refused to substantiate his story saying he had 'no wish to enter into a debate with the women and give them further publicity'.) Ms Bond, normally on the TV page staff, thinks that the aims of the Greenham women are 'admirable', but that they are going the wrong way about achieving them. And she believes her four-day *Express* special 'presents a balanced picture'. Monday's front page story began: 'The frontline troops of Greenham's "peace" women are being used as pawns in an orchestrated campaign to destroy Britain's nuclear defences. I can reveal this today after sharing the squalor of their camps and penetrating the secrets of the cynical organisation behind the Greenham phenomenon.' The 'balance' comes later, when we discover that Bond actually quite liked some of the women and describes one as 'a lovely, hardworking lady'. Balanced or not, the article broke the rules on reporting court cases and the *Express*,facing possible contempt proceedings, may end up with a second egg on its face over Greenham.

Politics of shaving

There's still just time to enter the Miscellany column's 'Who Was the Last Bearded Cabinet Minister?' competition. As a taster, we thought you would like to know that there are currently 17 MPs with beards, a list headed by Adams, G., but made up substantially of Labour left-wingers (thus giving credence to hoary myths about unkempt Marxists) and 17 MPs with moustaches, mostly debonair Tories (thus giving credence to hoary myths, etc., etc.).

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Labour hung up over Liberal tendencies

A *NEW STATESMAN* survey of hung councils reveals that Liberal or Alliance councillors are more likely to put the Tories, rather than Labour, in power.

Of the 456 local councils in Great Britain, over 70 have no overall political control but most of these are governed by independent or 'non-political' councillors, either on their own or with Conservatives. There are 27 councils which are truly hung (see table). Of these, 13 are Tory administrations, with the Liberals or the Liberal/SDP Alliance 'holding the balance of power', except in Wyre Forest, where the Liberals are the opposition party and the Tories rule with tacit Labour consent.

There are also three formal Tory/Liberal coalitions, where Liberals have at least one committee chair (Rochdale, Great Grimsby and Hammersmith), but no Labour/Liberal coalitions.

There are six Labour administrations — the Alliance is the third party in four cases and the Tories in two (Cannock Chase and Pendle). And there is just one Liberal administration, Inverclyde, which has the erratic support of a Tory and an SNP councillor who hold the balance.

In Calderdale the Liberals, who are the smallest party, hold all the committee chairs after both Labour and Tories refused to take control, Hastings has an all-party administration (Labour and Liberals have nine seats each and the Tories 12), and two councils, Newark and Cheshire, have no administration at all until their May annual meetings. In Newark the ruling Labour group has resigned after its budget was voted down, and in Cheshire the Liberals defeated the Tory budget and are currently deciding whether to transfer their allegiance to Labour.

The budget vote (usually in February or March) and the annual meeting (usually in April or May) are the 'acid test' for hung councils, so the situation is currently confused. Liberals in Leicestershire have just swung back to the Tories after two years of Labour, whereas in Milton Keynes the Alliance has just voted down the Tory budget and the parties are awaiting the outcome of the local elections.

One explanation of the greater number of 'hung' Tory administrations could be that the Conservatives are more accommodating than Labour in forming minority administrations.

It is also true that in some cases Labour have been so 'fussy' about taking power that they have preferred to see the Tories form a minority administration than to enter into an arrangement with the Liberals.

The local elections, on 3 May, promise further wheeling and dealing. Five councils are likely to cease being hung (marked * in the table) and go over to Labour control, but 12 more are likely to become hung from being Conservative-controlled. These include Dudley, Reading and Southampton. Only three councils, Birmingham, Tamworth and Chorley, are likely to swing straight from Tory to Labour.

John Rentoul

Hung councils

TORY ADMINISTRATIONS

Beds	A
Bradford	A
Brent	A
Bristol*	A
Crewe & Nantwich*	A
Leics	A
Lothian	A
Milton Keynes	A
Northampton	A
Walsall	A
Waltham Forest	A
Wyre Forest	L
York	A

LABOUR ADMINISTRATIONS

Cannock Chase*	C
Dumbarton	A
Northants	A
NW Leics	A
Pendle	C
Peterborough*	A

LIBERAL ADMINISTRATIONS

Inverclyde	C/SNP

TORY/LIB COALITIONS

Gt Grimsby*
Hammersmith
Rochdale

OTHER

Calderdale (Lib chairs)
Hastings (all-party admin)

NO ADMIN

Cheshire
Newark

A: Alliance third (smallest) party
L: Labour third party
C: Conservatives third party
* Likely to go Labour on 3 May

Council housing defects ignored

A NEW BILL is to provide money for repairs to decaying council houses — but only for people who've bought them.

The Housing Defects Bill published last week gives the appearance of a government resolve to tackle the architectural design faults which are affecting an estimated 1.5 million council houses. But help is at hand only for people living in 26 house types accepted by the government as potentially defective. And although this covers 170,000 houses, only people who have bought them will get money for repairs — about 16,500 households.

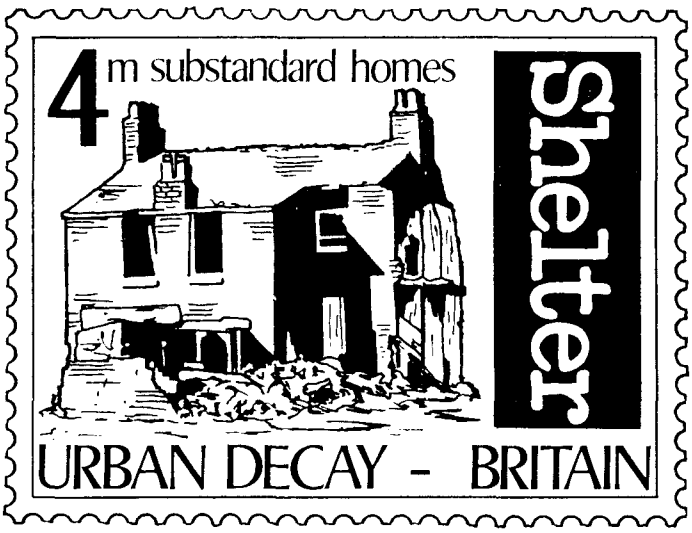
Local authorities will be required to provide the owners of houses designated as defective with a grant of 90 per cent of the cost of repairs. Where repairs are not feasible, the local authority will be under a duty to repurchase the house at 95 per cent of its 'defect-free' value if the owner so wishes.

Interestingly, in view of the cuts in housing expenditure, the government will reimburse local authorities with these repair costs or 75 per cent of the costs in cases of repurchase. Although apparently generous, this differs from the current voluntary scheme of assistance for the owners of Airey-type houses, on which the legislation is based and in which the government meets the costs in full.

The maximum cost of these proposals is estimated at £250 million, a drop in the ocean compared with the urban councils' estimate that £10,000 million is needed to remedy defects in council housing built using some 300 types of industrialised construction methods. Spending under the bill will be subject to the same cash limits as other housing investment, thus reducing the already limited funds available for new and rehabilitated council housing. The new bill effectively gives home owners a place at the front of the queue for financial assistance.

To get round this problem, the councils and Shelter have asked for special financial allocations to enable councils to carry out repair programmes. But defects are clearly not the government's main concern, as illustrated by the preamble to the new bill which explains that suspected houses have been 'substantially reduced in value'. For the government, the purpose of the Housing Defects Bill is to paper over cracks in the right to buy.

Roger Matthews



Shelter's alternative stamp issued in protest at the decision to feature Urban Renewal on the latest commemorative stamps

Peace women face Italian jail

SEVEN GREENHAM women deported from Sicily have chosen to return there this week to go on trial. If found guilty they could face sentences of between two to 12 years imprisonment.

The women were arrested last March after an action outside the cruise missile base in Comiso, Sicily. They were held for six days and deported by train accompanied by armed guards. Although they have been pressing for a trial ever since, they were only granted a date in January this year. Along with five other women from Europe, they are being charged with blocking the road and trespass. Ex-prime minister Giovanni Spadolini has promised to appear as a defence witness.

Their trial has become a focus for the Italian peace movement as it is the first arising out of actions around the base. Marches and protests are planned all over Italy.

One of the women facing trial, Skita, had her arm broken during her arrest at Comiso. A year later, she is returning with it still in plaster. It never set properly and has been broken half a dozen times since during blockades at Greenham.

Three supporters were turned back at British airports when they tried to attend the trial this Friday. They all had warrants out for their arrests and Greenham women believe that the Italian authorities have asked the British to try to minimise the numbers who attend the trial.

Jane Dibblin

Telegrams of support should be sent to: Diretore dela Giustizia, Pretura di Ragusa, RG Sicilia, or ring the Greenham office: 01-833 2831.

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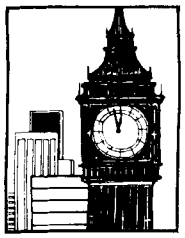

PETER KELLNER Political Editor

'The traditional Labour voter' — and other myths

ONE OF THE MYTHS about Labour's recent decline is that it would not have happened had the party retained the loyalty of its traditional working-class supporters. According to this view, Labour need only recover their votes to win the next election.

Would that it were so simple. MORI has assembled the national political polls that it conducted between January and March this year. Altogether almost 10,000 people were interviewed at a time of relative political stability. (Every poll reported voting intentions within 1.5 points of the following figures: Conservative 41 per cent, Labour 38.5, Lib/SDP 18.) By aggregating the figures we can look with a fair measure of statistical confidence at how particular groups within the electorate are behaving. MORI's printout tells a sobering story.

The figures in the main table (below) show how opinion has moved since last June's general election. The most significant point is the uniformity of movement: the Conservatives are down a smidgeon almost everywhere; Labour up around 10 points across the board; and the Liberal/SDP in retreat among all groups. Among working-class voters (C2: skilled workers; DE: semi- and unskilled) there has been a greater swing to Labour than among middle-class voters (AB: managerial and professional; C1 clerical and other white-collar); but the difference is far less marked than, say, in the 12 months after the 1979 general election.

This can be taken two ways. The optimistic view is that Labour's first task after last year's disaster was to re-establish its credibility across the board; and it has now done this. The pessimistic view is that soundly based movements in opinion tend to have clear demographic biases, whereas a sign of a weak (and therefore reversible) movement is that it is uniform among all groups — wide, but shallow. An obvious example over the past three years has been the oscillation in the fortunes of the Liberal/SDP Alliance, which has had intermittent support from all groups, but has secured the *faithful* allegiance of none.

Let us take the optimistic view; or, at least, assume that, insofar as Labour's recovery is not yet firmly based, it will become more firmly based as time passes. The party still needs to make further headway, if it is to win next time. MORI's figures show that it cannot be done simply by invoking the loyalty of traditional working-class voters. If we define these as C2 and DE trade union members, there are not enough of them: six million out of an electorate of more than 40 million; and most of them support Labour anyway. Given the irreducible minimum who will abstain or vote for another party, there are, at most, another half-million votes to be obtained here.

Even this may not be easy. Sixty per cent of C2 and DE trade union members live in owner-occupied homes. If our image of the 'typical' traditional Labour voter is a working-class trade union member living in a council home, we are describing just 5 per cent of the electorate — and only 10 per cent of Labour supporters. The other 95 per cent of voters, and 90 per cent of Labour supporters, are either not council tenants, or not trade union members, or not working class.

By contrast, the image of the typical Conservative supporter — middle-class, home-owning, not in a trade union — is far more widespread. This description applies to 24 per cent of the electorate and to more than one third of all Conservative supporters. But even this calculation shows that almost two thirds of the Tories' support comes from other groups.

A broader point flows from this analysis. Most people deviate in some way from the simple political paradigms. They may be working-class, but they are owner-occupiers (32 per cent of the electorate); they may be middle-class, but they belong to trade unions (nine per cent); and so on. Altogether, these 'mixed' groups comprise two thirds of the electorate. They are the people who decide who governs Britain — and who does not.

We are all familiar with the traditional list of marginal constituencies at election time: any party seeking power must win a majority of these seats. The same sort of analysis can be applied to social groups. As with constituencies there are 'safe' Tory groups, 'safe' Labour groups — and the marginal, swing groups. To win power, a party needs to have a clear lead among the swing groups. Indeed, it is arguable that *national* (as opposed to local) campaigning should be directed more to the 'swing' social groups than to the 'swing' constituencies: it is easier to target national publicity on (say) skilled working-class home-owners than on Toytown Central or Lymeswold North.

The smaller table shows how some of the main social groups line up. In the nature of this exercise, most people appear in two or three categories, sometimes in different sections. Nevertheless, the broad message is clear: elections these days are won and lost among working-class home-owners, ABC1 trade union members and C2 women. From the way the two main parties have fought the last two elections, it is a lesson the Tories have manifestly learned, and Labour conspicuously has not.

Labour has time enough between before the next election to refine its strategy for winning back the 'swing' groups; the essential point for now is to recognise the nature of the problem that has to be solved. □

Which groups matter most?

Conservative groups	*Con* %	*Lab* %	*Lib/SDP* %	*Con-Lab* %
AB	58	20	21	38
ABC1 home-owners	58	21	21	37
C1	51	27	21	24
'Swing' groups				
C2 home-owners	44	37	18	7
ABC1 TU members	39	36	22	3
DE home-owners	40	40	19	—
C2 women	39	42	17	−3
Labour groups				
C2 men	35	45	19	−10
ABC1 c'l tenants	26	44	19	−18
Unemployed	30	51	16	−21
C2DE TU members	25	56	16	−31
C2 c'l tenants	22	58	17	−36
DE c'l tenants	21	62	14	−41

Source: MORI polls Jan-Mar 1984

How voters have moved since last June

	ALL (100%)			MEN (48%)			WOMEN (52%)		
	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %
Con	44	41	−3	42	39	−3	46	43	−3
Lab	28	39	+11	30	41	+11	26	37	+11
Lib/SDP	26	18	−8	25	18	−7	27	18	−9

	ABC1 (39%)			C2 (32%)			DE (29%)		
	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %
Con	55	54	−1	40	37	−3	33	29	−4
Lab	16	24	+8	32	44	+12	41	53	+12
Lib/SDP	28	21	−7	26	18	−8	24	16	−8

	TU members (25%)			ABC1 TU members (9%)			C2DE TU members (16%)		
	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %	1983 %	1984 %	Change %
Con	31	30	−1	38	39	+1	27	25	−2
Lab	39	49	+10	27	36	+9	46	56	+10
Lib/SDP	29	19	−10	33	22	−11	26	16	−10

Source: MORI

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OVER-ARMED AND OVER HERE

Camera Press

*After our government, the British people are the last to know the truth about the number of US bases in the UK, says Duncan Campbell in the first of three extracts from his new book.**

BRITISH GOVERNMENT officials and ministers have shown indifference and complacency in monitoring and regulating the US presence in Britain. Since the US Air Force returned in 1948 (having left soon after the end of World War Two) there has been a *de facto* policy of 'open house'. In paying close attention to the development of US bases in Britain over the last few years, I have frequently found Ministry of Defence representatives unaware of what US forces were planning or the significance of their installations — sometimes even apparently unaware of the existence of some US military facilities in the United Kingdom.

One of the ironies of US military relations with her allies is that far greater amounts of information are publicly available in Washington than are ever vouchsafed to residents around US overseas bases — or, so it often seems, to host governments. For much of the long period of entrenchment since US bases blossomed all over Britain in 1950, there has been little public information and less debate about the scale of these US deployments. But the 1980 revival of peace and disarmament movements, the upsurge in concern over the dangers of the nuclear arms race and the rebirth of CND has made the issue quite central in public opinion.

The record of the British government in providing information about the current military situation has been disturbingly poor. When questioned about US bases and facilities in Britain, the Ministry of Defence has provided inconsistent and uneven answers. In 1980, Labour MP Bob Cryer had to ask virtually the same question three times in order to obtain an allegedly complete list of US bases. The 'total' list Cryer obtained from the Defence Ministry at first contained just 12 bases; a second answer added 39 more; and a further 3 contained in the final answer brought the total to 54.

In October that year, working almost entirely from published American sources, I compiled and published a list of approximately 103 US military bases and facilities in Britain. But in subsequent private briefings for other journalists, Ministry officials ridiculed the suggestion that there were as many as 100 US bases and facilities. They seized upon mention in the article of one facility in Edgware Road, London — claimed to be a petrol pump used by US official cars, but identified in the *New Statesman* report as a 'fuel supply facility' — to discount the entire report as ill-founded, and avoid debate on their earlier omissions and errors.

This theme was highlighted in May 1983 during a House of Lords debate in which Labour peer Lord Jenkins challenged that the government had been 'reluctant to reveal the growth of American nuclear and other bases'. Lord Belstead, Defence Minister of State repled that:

> I sometimes wonder whether he [Lord Jenkins of Putney] and those who think like him have first thought up the number of 100 or more and then tried to justify it. I hope that what I have said will rectify the false allegations that have been made.

In the light of this ill-tempered attack, it is intriguing to discover who it was that first suggested that there were more than 100 US military bases and facilities in Britain. The figure came from the Ministry of Defence itself. In a 1977 parliamentary answer, Dr John Gilbert — Lord Belstead's predecessor in the Callaghan government — told the House of Commons that:

> Accommodation is available to the United States forces at many of more than 100 locations where they have defence facilities, and at over 30 other locations throughout the United Kingdom.

By 1980, evidently, the Ministry had forgotten its own tally of more than 100 US 'defence facilities' in Britain, and some 30 additional sites used only for housing. But this figure corresponded exactly with the *New Statesman* account published in 1980.

Pressed by defence correspondents and parliamentary critics to give a more substantive account of US bases in Britain than merely sniping at the *New Statesman* list, the Ministry produced its own list to defence correspondents in April 1983. The new list enumerated 75 bases. 73 of these had been in existence at the time the Ministry had given Bob Cryer MP a

* *The Unsinkable Aircraft Carrier*, published by Michael Joseph on 16 April, £12.95 and £6.95

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Stars and stripes fly on a Poseidon nuclear missile submarine at Holy Loch (left); at Welford, Berkshire (above), USAF high explosive bombs are stored in the open

'total' list of only 54. 19 had been forgotten or ignored.

When it was pointed out to the Ministry of Defence that their 1983 list *still* omitted more than 20 military facilities and 30 housing sites (which were purported to be included), a spokesman replied that the government was not 'prepared to discuss the list or questions about specific bases in detail'. So had it been correct for them to describe the 75-base list, when they issued it, as 'definitive'? 'It is both correct and incorrect,' the spokesman replied. There are now no fewer than 135 US military bases and facilities in Britain, ranging from tiny and almost inconsequential offices to gigantic airbases. Including housing sites, there are 165 US facilities in Britain.

The issue of British government supervision of and control over US bases and personnel on British territory is most critical on the question of the control of nuclear weapons. British control is, for practical purposes, non-existent. We clearly do not have the right to veto US operations, whatever ministers have sometimes claimed in the past. We may have a good chance of being consulted if time and circumstance permit. If hostilities commenced, as most people fear will happen by the end of the century, it is unlikely that the time available *would* permit consultation before annihilation. A 1952 statement, never superseded, defines the question as: 'a matter for joint decision . . . in the light of the circumstances prevailing at the time'.

This commentary has neither the force of a treaty nor any detailed protocol on interpretation and implementation accompanying it, as is customary in many military agreements. It is no more than a communiqué, which was quite as far as the US government has been prepared to go on the issue. It stands alone — bald, banal, and quite unconvincing. If a US President is confronting the issue of having to launch strategic nuclear weapons, possibly involving some tens of thousands of warheads from thousands of US delivery systems, are the 'circumstances prevailing at the time' likely to permit a polite call to the British Prime Minister to consult over whether the few hundred weapons based in Britain should be released?

American war preparation alerts, both intentional and accidental, and similar unilateral actions by US commanders, have occurred sufficiently often to create a substantial impression that, in a real crisis, there would be little likelihood of US forces being responsive to substantive British disagreement over policy.

IT IS THE ISSUE of control and accountability, far above irritation over the presence of foreign military forces not subject to British law, that lends substance to popular fears about Britain being the 'unsinkable aircraft carrier'. The comparisons which may be drawn between the status of US forces in the UK, and some other American bilateral agreements, are not reassuring for Britons. In the most recent treaties with Spain, for example, the US has undertaken to hold neither nuclear weapons nor their components in Spanish bases, and in Turkey, current agreements provide for extensive bilateral control over US activities. One NATO ally — France, under de Gaulle — first banned US nuclear weapons from its soil when the US was not prepared to agree to a genuine 'joint decision' over the use of nuclear weapons on French territory, then, in 1966, left the NATO military structure and required the removal of all US bases and facilities. Most came to Britain.

Fully one fifth of the US Air Force abroad is in the United Kingdom — and the numbers here are rising. We are, in the 1980s, in the middle of a USAF military build-up of personnel and equipment which — although it falls well short of the huge peak in the 1950s — is substantial. Numbers will rise even more

Looking out for Mobil

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Now, thanks to funding from Mobil, the V&A has published a new guide to the riches of the Wellington Museum. It can be purchased at the Wellington Museum and V&A bookstall.

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US military bases and facilities in Britain

TOTAL: 135 US military bases and facilities in Britain installed or planned (1984); made up of 25 major US bases or military headquarters, 35 minor or reserve bases, and 75 facilities used by US forces.

Major US bases include 3 headquarters, 11 airbases (one, Mildenhall, also a headquarters), 1 naval base, 2 communications centres, 5 intelligence centres, and 4 stores and depots.

Minor or reserve US bases include 4 administrative centres and 1 barracks, 14 minor or reserve airbases, 5 communications centres, 12 stores or depots, and 1 transportation terminal.

US facilities include the use of 3 airbases, 2 intelligence centres, 23 communications stations, 1 navigation station, 5 stores, 7 transportation terminals, 13 fuel supply points, 10 aircraft weapons ranges, and at least 14 contingency military hospitals.

There are 5 confirmed **US nuclear weapons stores** in the United Kingdom (Lakenheath, Upper Heyford, Holy Loch [afloat in the submarine tender], Machrihanish and St Mawgan). Two further bases (Woodbridge and Alconbury) have storage facilities which appear to be suitable for peacetime nuclear weapons storage.

Including 30 detached US Air Force housing annexes, 165 sites listed here are currently used, or planned to be used, by US military forces in the United Kingdom.

This table is a complete list of all known or planned US military bases and facilities in Britain, with brief descriptions.

Headquarters, administration and command and control centres

Mildenhall	US European Command airborne command and control squadron; USAF headquarters;
High Wycombe	US European Command war headquarters;
Grosvenor Square, London	US Naval Headquarters Europe, Fleet Ocean Surveillance Information Center;
Eastcote/Lime Grove, Ruislip	US Navy administrative offices;
Northwood	US Navy element attached to NATO headquarters;
West Ruislip	US Navy stores;
Ruislip — Blenheim Crescent	US Air Force headquarters offices;
London	US Air Force Europe administrative offices;
St Johns Wood, London	Marine Barracks.

Airbases

Alconbury, Bentwaters, Fairford, Greenham Common, Lakenheath, Mildenhall, Upper Heyford, Woodbridge	Main operating bases;
Sculthorpe, Wethersfield	Standby operating bases;
Molesworth	Second main operating base for cruise missiles;
Abingdon, Bedford, Benson, Boscombe Down, Coltishall, Cranwell, Finningley, Leeming, Odiham, Waddington, Wittering	Colocated operating bases (COBs);
Marham, Upper Heyford, Fairford, Brize Norton	Forward operating bases (FOBs);
Prestwick	USAF Military Airlift Command staging facility;
Northolt	RAF base jointly used by US headquarters staff;
Machrihanish	Used by US Navy;
Stornoway	To be used by US Navy anti-submarine warfare aircraft.

Naval base

Holy Loch	Poseidon submarine base; Submarine Squadron 14.

Intelligence centres

Menwith Hill	Major US National Security Agency signals intelligence (Sigint) station and satellite terminal;
Chicksands	USAF Electronic Security Command;
Edzell	US Naval Security Group Sigint station, coordinates ocean surveillance in north Atlantic;
Brawdy	US Naval facility (NAVFAC), underwater Sound Surveillance System for plotting submarine movements;
Fylingdales	Radar station operated jointly by USAF and RAF;
London	Special US Liaison Office, Grosvenor Square;
Cheltenham	Liaison office (SUSLO) and US detachments at GCHQ;
Morwenstow	US detachment from National Security Agency stationed at GCHQ satellite interception terminal.

Communications centres

Croughton	Defence Satellite Communications System terminal and radio station;
Barford St John	Transmitter annexe;
Thurso — West Murkle	US Naval Radio Station receivers;
Forss	US Naval Radio Stations;
Oakhanger	USAF Satellite Control Facility;
Hillingdon (Uxbridge), Martlesham Heath	AUTOVON (Automatic Voice Network) switching centres;
Mormond Hill	Long-range communications centre;
St Mawgan, Wincombe	Radio stations;
Great Bromley, Barkway, Chelveston, Daventry, Christmas Common, Golden Pot, Bovingdon, Botley Hill Farm, Coldblow Lane, Dunkirk, Swingate (Dover), Latheron, Aberdeen, Inverbervie, Kinnaber, Craigowl Hill, East Lomond, Kirk O'Shotts, Sergeantlaw, Browncarrick Hill	Communications relay stations;
Scatsta, Sullom Voe	US Coastguard navigation station.

Stores and depots

Burtonwood	US Army equipment depot (2 million square feet);
Caerwent	US Army munitions depot;
Bramley	US Army ammunition depot;
Welford	US Air Force central munitions depot;
Bicester	US Air Force depot;
Chilwell	US Army vehicle depot;
Glen Douglas	US Navy ammunition depot;
Broughton Moor	US Navy ammunition depot;
Hythe	US Army Marine Fleet HQ;
Marchwood	US Army Marine Fleet Store;
Poole	US Army Marine Fleet Store;
St Mawgan	US Naval Aviation Weapons Facility (nuclear weapons store);
Machrihanish	US Naval Aviation Weapons Facility (nuclear weapons store);
Kemble	Joint USAF/RAF maintenance depot;
Filton	Depot maintenance of F-111 aircraft;
Dunstable	US Navy Exchange;
Upwood, Ridgewell, Watton, Framlingham, Feltwell	USAF storage depots.

Wartime hospitals

Little Rissington, Bicester, Bordon, Feltwell, Kemble, Newton, Nocton Hall, Upwood, Waterbeach, Bulford, Colerne, Cosford, Tidworth, Locking

Transportation terminals

Liverpool, Felixstowe, Greenock, Barry, Grangemouth, Southampton, London, Fairlie

Defense fuel support points

Loch Ewe, Loch Striven, Faslane, Machrihanish, Rosyth, Rosneath, Campbeltown, South Shields, North Killingholme, Immingham, Stanlow, Purfleet, West Thurrock

Sandy	Quality Assurance Resident fuel supplies.

Air to ground bombing and electronic warfare ranges

Spadeadam,	Joint USAF/RAF electronic warfare range;
Rosehearty, Cape Wrath, Tain, Jurby, Cowden, Donna Nook, Holbeach, Wainfleet, Theddlethorpe.	Air to ground bombing ranges

Housing Annexes

Rosehearty, Monkton, Dunoon, West Raynham, Thetford, Tuddenham, Bircham Newton, Brandon, Bury St Edmunds, Freckenham, Isleham, Grundisburgh, Haverhill, Ipswich, Kesgrave, Melton, Newmarket, Red Lodge, Shepherds Grove, Trimley St Martin, Stilton, Brampton, Wantage, Ardley, Gaydon, Bishops Green, Blackbushe, St Columb, Carpenders Park, West Drayton.

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during the deployment of the two new Tactical (cruise) Missile Squadrons, at Greenham Common and Molesworth. This huge war-making capacity quite evidently creates serious military risks for Britain. Does it provide commensurate security?

Put in simple terms, the damage that the United Kingdom may suffer in war arises in significant measure from the presence of US bases here — a feature that the British government has recognised in its own assessments of the likely pattern of nuclear warfare, such as that carried out for the 1980 civil defence exercise 'Square Leg'. US nuclear bases — especially the airbases in East Anglia and central England — are among the country's prime targets. The justification for retaining the bases lies in the policy of deterrence.

It is not only in time of war that nuclear weapons have been dangerous. From both British and American governments there has been intentional dishonesty about accidental hazards to the population. The only serious nuclear weapons accident in Britain, of which details are now publicly known, was at Lakenheath in 1956 — and that was covered up for 23 years. In 1981, a determined attempt to cover up another mishap was mounted at the nuclear submarine base in the Holy Loch. During the 1950s and early 1960s, US bombers carried war-ready bombs aloft on 'alert' flights over Britain, a policy which may not have caused harm in Britain, but which led to two catastrophic accidents — when bombed-up B-52s crashed in Spain and Greenland.

Underlying my investigation is the obvious premise that matters should not remain as they are at present. Whether the bases eventually stay or go, only the most pusillanimous of public officials could accept the inadequacies of the present relationship as they affect British political control of the use of foreign military bases, the legal status of 'visiting' military forces, or the lack of information provided in Britain about the development and use of US bases and facilities. □

Next week: How the Americans set up a secret nuclear base network.

Map reproduced from The Unsinkable Aircraft Carrier

GREENHAM COMMON

Utterly roofless resolve

Lynne Jones explains why last week's 'eviction' didn't work

Tuesday

Dear newly formed fire brigade — we appreciate the urgency of your task. Consider the following: do not extinguish fires where food is cooking/ kettles are boiling. Ensure fire is put out incompetently on a cold evening. Under no circumstances spray women until you have issued them with full waterproofs (if not readily available get same from USAF when they refill extinguishers). After supper be ready for washing up duty when dishes are placed in firepit. Love Greenham Women. (New notice by fireplace at Yellow gate, Greenham Common)

LAST NIGHT after most of the visitors had gone and the temperature had dropped, they started putting the fires out again. At first it was at ten-minute intervals, but after two or three goes they began to lose their tempers. One exasperated officer could not even wait for us to relight it. He walked up and turned the high powered extinguisher (supplied by USAF on the base) full on to Beatrice's back, as she sat consuming the last of her supper in front of the steaming coals.

This is just one form of the continual harassment we have had to deal with since Wednesday, when I woke to find that a small army of police had cordoned us off, while a nervous group of bailiffs advanced gingerly towards our benders. Since 'evicting' us, the police have had to face the fact that not only are there more of us, but we are dispersed over a wider area. Their irritation has increased. On Friday the women in the clearing had their tents taken down at 4am in the pouring rain. Parking anywhere in the vicinity of Yellow gate is forbidden; so belongings have to be shifted by hand each time the bailiffs appear. All this of course is legal, but it's interesting to note that the police and bailiffs have started 'helping' each other with their duties. Last Wednesday bailiffs, with numbers pasted on their chests were to be seen pushing women around, while the police have on occasion shifted belongings.

The media attention has as usual brought the nastier creatures out of the woodwork: from small boys who throw water-filled balloons to larger ones who slash tyres and break windows. Yesterday we found that they had wrecked Claire's lovingly tended garden, which the bailiffs had left untouched. The small green spikes had been broken and stamped on. What sort of people need to vent their feelings on daffodils? We asked Anthony Mayer, founder of RAGE (Ratepayers Against Greenham

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Paula Allen

Baffled policeman, trying to move 'camping equipment', faced with a picnic, clean tablecloth and all. 'We are turning it into the Women's Peace Picnic,' said Hazel. 'It goes on till they take cruise away.'

Encampments) what was the real basis of his complaints. He informed us it was seeing one of the women breast-feed her baby in public. Moreover there wasn't one of us that he wanted to sleep with!

None of this is new. The other camps have been evicted daily over two weeks and have adapted themselves beautifully. I was woken on Thursday at Violet gate by Rowan with tea and the remark that, as the bailiffs were only at Blue gate, we had plenty of time to get the tents down and packed up. One of the advantages of the Yellow gate 'eviction' is that it has slightly lessened the pressure on other gates. It is this constant ability of the women to adapt and flow round obstacles that has made the whole operation about as effective as draining a lake with a fishing net. The only thing that is scooped up nowadays is the daily accumulation of litter. Though, initially, bailiffs had no scruples about shredding women's personal property, it is women's sense of humour and ability to turn frightful situations into farce that makes it possible to carry on.

The women at the old fire last Thursday morning, tired of being told to move their 'camping equipment', confronted the police with a clean tablecloth, wine, cheese, and fruit (all donated). 'We are turning it from the Women's Peace Camp into the Women's Peace Picnic', Hazel remarked. 'It goes on till they take cruise away', said Sarah. 'Business as usual', 'Rooflessly determined', 'Womens Peace Refugee Camp' — the banners and signs flap from hedges and trees all around the nine-mile fence.

AND AS ALWAYS there is a new song:

> The policeman said to me/As he poured water on my tea/This land is MOD/
> Kept primarily/For cruise and Military
> When you joined the force/Was it to run through gorse/Ten men in a van/
> With a watering can/Was that how you began?
> The PC then replied/As he kicked the logs aside/
> At first some doubts arise/
> But you hear so many lies/Smoke gets in your eyes

One wonders if somewhere in the bowels of the Ministry of Defence some harassed and worried official is asking himself if he has blundered. Reading our obituaries on Thursday morning, ranging from melodramatic in the *Mirror* to schoolboy-magazine-nastiness in the *Daily Telegraph*, one had the curious sensation that they had all been prewritten. Perhaps they hoped that by announcing that we were no longer there we would cease to exist, exorcised like a bad dream. Reality, however, is that while the nightmare inside the base continues and grows — a Galaxy with launcher vehicle and more cruise missile parts made a timely landing on Thursday — so do we. And we do so with the short-term advantage of one closed gate; the sometimes useful but always trying attention of the world's media; and, most important of all, an increasingly organised network of resistance.

The newly closed off public highway from the A339 to the Yellow gate has also provided us with a new mechanism for testing police bias. It consists of walking any visitor, well known or otherwise, up to the barrier and politely asking for access to the common. (The alternative is to trek through the gorse around the fenced off area.) Tony Benn was refused, as are various bedraggled peace campers. Sarah Bond of the *Daily Express:* refused; Lord Longford: granted. The Chief Inspector, when I asked, said 'yes', it was a public highway, but his instructions were to deny access. He couldn't say why. 'They are forbidding common people access to common land', Sarah remarked.

Lord Longford, I must add, hastened to tell me that he was not necessarily a supporter. Liz asked him how he felt about Christ's instruction that we should turn the other cheek to our enemies. He replied by asking if we were regular churchgoers and remarking that our view of the gospels was perhaps too simplistic. But, as Sarah pointed out, 'It's very simple, very primitive — the Commandments are not up for negotiation'.

'Well, where does it end?', he went on to ask me somewhat querulously. My reply was that no non-violent struggle in history had been won quickly or easily. And that change only seemed to occur when people turned their beliefs into action. Io and Jane put it more succinctly to a crowded meeting of women visitors on Sunday afternoon. 'It isn't enough any more to say that you're grateful to us for being here for you. *We* can't do it for you, you have to take action for yourselves.' At the end of that meeting some 50 women, only a few of whom were resident at the camp, walked across the road and over the fence on to Ministry of Transport land. In the two hours before the police removed them they lit a fire and built a bender and hung up a banner saying 'Yes we're still here'. It's easily done. □

What Greenham needs

We want to thank everyone for all their support over the last two weeks and at the same time take the opportunity to clarify our needs.

1. **WOMEN** to stay for as long as possible on a *regular* basis. Can your group organise a rota to cover *days* as well as nights? There is no substitute for the presence of women as a method of lessening harassment.
2. **SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT**: easily erectable tents; Gortex/survival bags; torches; camping stoves; waterproof clothing; *good* sleeping bags; cars; vans; prams; fuel (*always*).

But large numbers of unsolicited gifts are difficult for us to handle and move quickly. So sponsoring one or more women and making sure that *they* are completely equipped is probably the best way of preventing gifts being lost or wasted. Or, alternatively, send money which we can then spend appropriately. (Account no. 592210, Newbury Building Society, 17-20 Bartholomew Street, Newbury, Berks.)

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Exeter City football club which is bottom of the Third Division, has appointed a chaplain, Mr Richard Chewter, aged 29, an evangelist, who says his main concern will be the spiritual wellbeing of the squad. Mr Gerry Francis, the manager, said: 'We certainly need all the help from above we can get.' — *The Times* (Margaret Lintott)

□Among the reasons which taxi operators at Bexhill give in a claim for a fares increase is that the typical elderly Bexhill passengers take longer to get in and out of a cab. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

□Mr Allan Wilkinson of Green Drive, Lostock Hall, near Preston, accidentally drove over his mother-in-law — twice — as he tried to park at a supermarket. Mrs Elsie Dalton, 65, who now has a broken leg in plaster, joked: 'He seems determined to get me.' — *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

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Thatcher's 2nd XI No 2: Sir Michael Havers

ATTORNEY GENERAL Sir Michael Havers may be involved in his last dramatic prosecution — against Michael Bettaney, the first MI5 man ever to be charged with spying under Section 1 of the Official Secrets Act. Sir Michael has loved his 'Perry Mason' role as the State's top prosecutor, particularly since he 'broke' the Anglo-Canadian spy, Professor Hugh Hambledon, during his trial in December 1982.

A vacant seat on the Woolsack beckons. The Lord Chancellor has a permanent place in the Cabinet, while the Attorney General only gets called into Cabinet spasmodically, when legal advice is needed. His colleagues say that he presents his advice clearly and impartially before an audience which includes six others trained as barristers, including the Head Girl herself.

His current claim to advancement comes largely from his key involvement in the Conservatives' fight back against working-class power in the shape of Scargill's flying pickets. In 1972, he took over as Solicitor General from Sir Geoffrey Howe — the year the Tories were humiliated when 800 Birmingham policemen backed down, on the decision of Home Secretary Reginald Maudling, in the face of 15,000 striking miners outside the Saltley Coke Depot. As the Tories' legal spokesman in Opposition, from 1974 to 1979, he was explicit that 'secondary picketing' must be stopped and that 'there must be no question of intimidation or stopping of vehicles'.

The pattern for recent events was established in February 1981. He then told the Commons that picketing did not need thousands of people. 'Each of us has the right to go about our daily work,' he said, adding: 'Let there be no illusion that the immunity provided under the civil law enables pickets to break the criminal law'. This statement was circulated to chief constables. The Chief Police Officers Association then saw Home Secretary William Whitelaw, who endorsed the proposition that flying pickets could in future be intercepted on the motorways. The 1981 Brixton-Toxteth riots further convinced top Tories that the nation's separate police forces needed more coordination and mobility.

Grazing time

Lord Hailsham has been hinting at his imminent departure from the Woolsack for some time. He actually expected to be put out to pasture last June. But that would have been difficult. Had Havers been promoted then, it would have meant the almost automatic succession to his post of Sir Ian Percival, the then Solicitor General. Sir Ian, an enthusiastic right-winger, has the disadvantage that he allows his right-wing emotions to colour his legal reasoning. So Mrs Thatcher dropped Sir Ian after the general election and provided Sir Michael with a highflying successor, a younger mainstream Tory QC, Sir Patrick Mayhew. Meanwhile, Viscount Whitelaw has been serving his apprenticeship as Tory Leader in the House of Lords. It would not have been wise for both the Leader and the Lord Chancellor to be learning the ropes in the Lords simultaneously.

Sir Michael should work well in harness with Willie Whitelaw. Also a very clubbable man, with a liking for the raffish side of the Garrick, his face has an even more lived-in look. A bon vivant, he has attracted publicity by serving as a committee member of Les Ambassadeurs, the posh Park Lane club. Gossip columnists also noted his dismissal in 1978 of the chief barristers' clerk of the massive legal chambers he heads — for refusing to take a wages cut from 10 per cent to 8 per cent of the chamber's fees. Sir Michael remains head in absentia of those chambers, now swollen to 42 members pulling in about £1m a year, employing that same chief clerk. There was also some press bitching after that at his reluctance in 1979 to accept an increase in the weekly rent at his Wimbledon *pied-à-terre* from £15 to the £25 requested by his landlady. He offered an extra £2.30, but the rent officer insisted on £7.50. In March 1982, though, Sir Michael was able to write his landlady a nice letter confirming that the government would compensate her fully for the Provo bomb which destroyed her back wall the previous November.

A new outlet

Writing, curiously, led into fulltime politics. He wrote a series of reports for the Society of Conservative Lawyers on needed reforms: 'Road Traffic Offences', 'Reparation by the Offender', 'Pornography' and 'Anonymity for Victims of Rape Cases'. Finding a safe Tory seat seemed the way to put his ideas into operation. Sir Cyril Black announced his intention to retire from supersafe Wimbledon. Although 340 applied, Sir Michael won the selection contest in 1969 and the general election in 1970 despite his slightly 'boiled-shirt' manner.

As a mainstream Conservative QC largely occupied in the courts, he attracted little initial attention. His main effort at first was to try to modernize the obscenity law, largely by blocking efforts to have pornography thrust at the general public. 'His reputation, both at the Bar and in the House, is for solid, quiet, somewhat unexciting craftsmanship without the flair (sic) of the man he replaces, Sir Geoffrey Howe,' alleged the *Guardian* on his promotion to Solicitor General in November 1972.

Overshadowed initially by Attorney General Sir Peter Rawlinson, Sir Michael came into his own as the Tories' top legal spokesman after their surprise election defeat of February 1974. Opposition pushed him to the Right. A former opponent of hanging, from December 1974 he urged its restoration for terrorism. He demanded a referendum on capital punishment in March 1975. He became an enthusiast for a Bill of Rights which would guarantee 'the right to educate your children at a fee-paying school, the right to choose and pay for the medical care of your choice, and a system of taxation which is not so penal and oppressive that it amounts to confiscation.' He waxed indignant at Labour's efforts to end the penalization of the Clay Cross councillors, insisting that this would signal 'a day which law officers of the Crown will remember with cringing shame'. But he accepted their brief to prosecute those accused of the Guildford and Woolwich pub bombings, on some pretty dubious evidence.

The blunt answer

He had an immediate dilemma on assuming office as Attorney General in May 1979. The authorities knew that Andrew Boyd was completing his book, *Climate of Treason* — in which he indicated that Sir Anthony Blunt had been a Soviet spy, though the first edition was not explicit on the point. In September 1979, Sir Anthony threatened to sue Boyd for libel. Sir Michael knew that Blunt could easily win over £100,000 in libel damages from Boyd, because of an incredible step taken by one of his predecessors. In 1964, Sir John Hobson as Attorney General initialled an MI5 request to grant Blunt immunity and secrecy if he told all about his past. Hobson agreed without consulting anyone — not the Home Secretary, not even the Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Sir Michael was determined that Blunt should not be allowed to cash in. He readily persuaded Mrs Thatcher and they jointly told all to the House of Commons in November 1979.

There have been several dominant themes in his five years in office: spies, union troubles, contempt of court and jury-vetting, pornography among others. At first an opponent of the idea of an independent prosecution service, he has now come to accept it.

At bottom, Havers is a 'decent chap' and a competent prosecuting barrister, who has difficulty in rising above his middle-class Conservative views. He is broadminded enough to have attacked judges for allowing defending lawyers to discuss the previous sex life of rape victims. Angered at Mary Whitehouse's effort to exploit the law by first launching and then abandoning her private obscenity prosecution of *Romans in Britain*, he quashed the case. On the other hand, when prosecuting the 'Yorkshire Ripper', he said of the victims: 'Some were prostitutes, but perhaps you may think that the saddest part of this case is that some were not.' In an effort to avoid overcrowding in detention centres, he suggested in February 1983 that there was no reason to prosecute youngsters who had 'gone off course just once', but spoiled that by saying it was up to the police to agree that they were from 'good homes', adding: 'Oh, the police know all about these things . . .'

Andrew Roth

No 3 in the series in May.

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DIARY

I had a cup of coffee with Ken Livingstone last week. Undaunted by his loud cry of 'disgusting', I stirred in my normal spoonful of sugar. It is strange to meet someone for the first time after you have looked at their family pictures — of Ken aged 4, Ken on his bike, Ken with his mum and dad. For I had just read an advance copy of *Citizen Ken,* John Carvel's informed and enjoyable account soon to be published by Chatto. Livingstone sees the GLC as having done three main things since 1981. It has begun to aid London industry with the Enterprise Board. It has reversed London Transport's 30-year spiral of decline — a wonderful example of how socialist intervention can work. Third, the new politics of the capital have challenged the traditional forms of government. Municipal administration was at best a variation of liberal philanthropy; at worst it stretched from rotten Labour patriarchy and graft to cynical Tory corruption. As Livingstone sees it, the GLC has begun to 'articulate the case of the dispossessed, blacks, women, gays. This in the long run poses the greatest threat to the establishment way of running Britain, in which the Great and the Good rule over the mass of the unwashed'.

The popularity of his approach is remarkable. Citizen Ken was particularly delighted with the latest polls, and he has his eye on The Boss: 'If there was a GLC election tomorrow, Labour would win Finchley'. Her commitment, of course, is to abolition, and the campaign against it takes on a special importance. It is more than difficult (is it not?) to find anything that Labour has done over the past 20 years that one can really enjoy justifying. The GLC represents something new and creative. So the petition should not only be signed, others should be asked if they will sign it too. I queried whether support is limited to Londoners, and it isn't. So if you want to help, or get copies of the petition, phone or write to Fay Mullines at County Hall, London SE1 (01-633 3867).

○

The legislation that seeks to stamp out local democracy is part of a wider pattern of suppression. The Socialist Society rally, called to 'Free Sarah Tisdall and Fight for the Right to Know', left me with a vivid impression of what is happening. Almost everywhere in Britain intimidation is the order of the day. The destruction of the main Greenham Common camp by a completely phoney road-widening scheme; outlawing unions at GCHQ; random police road-blocks against the miners, accompanied by political interrogation; the Police Bill itself which will grant the police powers to search the property of those not suspected of a crime; the ongoing role of the army in Ireland; the sustained level of unemployment which intimidates all those in work; the jailing of Sarah Tisdall, which intimidates employees of the central State — i.e. it intimidates the intimidators themselves. What should we call this? It is the politics of the *Belgrano.*

○

There was a wide range of speakers at the meeting, on the platform and from the floor. In the 1960s I used to attend such events, often in Caxton Hall, with high hopes and always went away disappointed. These days I drag along out of a feeling of duty only to find them surprisingly interesting. Why is this? I refuse to believe that it is old age. Duncan Campbell is a dramatic public speaker, which I'd not expected. 'What can we do when our hands are not yet on the levers of power?', he asked. His answer: 'The only way to change the law is to be prepared to break the law'.

○

The impact of the cuts is personal. Our neighbours, for example, live near the dividing line between the catchment areas for two primary schools. One school is already badly affected and its atmosphere is demoralized; the other, which my daughter is fortunate to be at, is bright and cheerful. So our neighbours want to send their daughter to it now she is five, especially as she already has friends there. This has been refused. Why? Because it is the turn of my daughter's school to be hit and, if its pupil numbers are kept down, *they* can cut back on its teachers. Really, the only way to improve the situation is to put more money into the worst of the two schools. Instead, the imposed 'savings' are freezing out what little choice there has been in the system while imposing worse conditions.

ROGER WODDIS

Strange interdict

'I'm not talking about what the CIA is or is not doing.' Caspar Weinberger, US Defense Secretary, on the mining of Nicaraguan ports.

In the revived play, Strange Interlude, *characters speak their private thoughts in a series of asides.*

It was a TV session,
And Caspar chilled the spines
Of those who raised the question
Of planting certain mines.
He said, 'I'm not prepared to say
Who authorised the CIA'.

Then turning to his audience,
He said in an aside:
You'd all be terrified;
For GIs who salute the flag
May exit in a plastic bag.'

He spoke of Nicaragua
That wasn't worth a cent,
And why it was he felt so proud
To serve his President:
'His purpose' — (among other lies) —
'Is interdicting arms supplies.'

'And if you press me on the point,
My answers will be vague,
Though more specific if they sue
For justice at The Hague.
Our British friends may throw a fit,
But, frankly, I don't give a shit.'

Far from taking the State off our backs, reduced government spending can mean less freedom, not more.

○

Mine must have been the only hand to have grabbed the latest copy of *New Democrat* at my newsagents. I wanted to see if the March/April issue carried a withdrawal or apology for Richard Lamb's nostalgic droolings over British fascist Oswald Mosley. Readers of this diary may recall that Lamb lamented Mosley's failure to join the Liberal Party after 1930 (a heavy nudge to David Owen). Lamb described Mosley's refusal to condemn genocide as a mere 'black spot' on his record. At least, I thought, Shirley Williams or David Steel might protest. Instead, the only objection to be published was a letter from one John A. Bruce Stevens, who told Lamb to 'exercise care' because there were in fact no black spots whatever to Mosley's career. The great man was against atrocities. More important, his vision remains true to this day, viz: 'The division of the British and German people has been a world tragedy. In union they can become one of the most beneficient influences the earth has yet seen'. Such a union would indeed 'break the mould'.

○

Are computers unnatural? I have to admit that I'm hooked on my word box. I now find it as difficult to write without it, as I do to drink tea without sugar. My puritan streak is only satisfied because I use it for work and not for games. Perhaps the present fashion for computer games and magazines will pass away in a few years. One sign that it might is the upsurge in love letters: young people are writing many more to each other, thus demonstrating that there *is* life after the sixties, when we were too freaked out for words of almost any sort. But are teenagers composing their heartfelt feelings on visual display units? One of the things about writing with a word box is that you need much more disk memory than sales people tell you, certainly for a reasonable length chapter. The assistant in one centre, however, told me that for his programming he needed ten million bytes of space. His eyes dilated. . . he was mesmerized, lost in the endless spaces of computer compulsion. I've not seen anyone so completely stoned since the days of Sergeant Pepper.

Islander

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The Ministry of Truth

A US government project to uncover and discredit Soviet 'disinformation' ended up producing its own smears, including an attack on the *New Statesman*. Claudia Wright reports

Washington

PROJECT TRUTH was launched in early 1981, just after the inauguration of the Reagan Administration. Officials at the State Department and the US Information Agency (USIA) proposed an operation to speed up the Administration's ability to identify and combat criticism of US policy in the international media and uncover Soviet 'disinformation'.

Public criticism of Reagan policy, Secretary of State Alexander Haig claimed in March 1981, was orchestrated by 'an intensive international disinformation campaign' from 'the communist countries' — produced by a special directorate of the Soviet KGB for *dezinformatsia* (disinformation) and *activnyye meropriyatiya* (active measures). Wherever the Reagan Administration was unpopular, the KGB was assumed to be hard at work.

Two defectors to the US, Stanislav Levchenko from the KGB and a Czech, Ladislav Bittman, claimed that their jobs had included such 'active measures' as the recruitment of Western journalists to influence the media and the planting of forgeries and other types of disinformation in the Western press. There is no doubt that the Soviets and their friends conduct sophisticated disinformation campaigns, but Project Truth was an attempt to smear all criticism of the Reagan Administration — it was the Administration's very own disinformation campaign.

This is how it worked. In US Embassies abroad, officials were put on special alert for publication of stories about Reagan policy that looked 'hostile' and 'suspicious'. A regular 'Soviet propaganda alert' was compiled in Washington and despatched to Embassies, pinpointing what the Soviets were claiming in their own press; Embassy officials were told to watch for anything in their local press that seemed to fit the same 'pattern'. For example, when Alert Bulletin No. 9 (30 July 1982) indicated that the Soviets were 'attacking the US for complicity in the Israeli operation (the invasion of Lebanon), charging that the US not only had advance knowledge of the invasion but even gave Israel its blessing in the venture', US officials cabled back to identify which journalists and newspapers were saying the same things. Ignoring the fact that such reports were only reflecting what the US and Israeli press were claiming, the chiefs of Project Truth were convinced, as a State Department report later claimed, that 'active measures have tried to suggest US collusion with Israel in the invasion of Lebanon'.

At the USIA the Directorate of Programs responded to the cables from abroad by despatching 'Fast Guidance' for US Embassy officials to use. In charge of the directorate in 1981 and part of 1982 was John Hughes, a former correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* in Africa and the Far East and then a senior member of the paper's editorial staff in Boston. According to USIA and State Department officials, Hughes directed that all Americans considered by USIA for lectures abroad had to be vetted. Those whose loyalty to the Reagan line was suspected were eliminated.

This blackball was applied to a programme that had originated with the 1961 Fulbright-Hays Act. Under that law, the American Participants Program was intended to finance American lecturers of scholarly integrity, or artistic or intellectual merit to address foreign audiences.

According to a report by USIA inspectors, Hughes insisted that his blacklist was kept secret 'on the grounds that sensitive personal factors were necessarily considered in the screening'. In fact, USIA officials warned Hughes at the outset that the blacklisting was politically motivated and contrary to both the programme's regulations and USIA's charter. Hughes ignored the objections and refused to respond to criticism that began to surface. Ben Bradlee, editor of the *Washington Post,* and Tom Wicker, a columnist for the *New York Times,* were blackballed in August 1981; they were followed by television journalists, like David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite, two former CIA directors, James Schlesinger and Stansfield Turner, several Congressmen and one Senator — Gary Hart.

The 1977 USIA charter says: 'The Agency must not operate in a covert, manipulative or propagandistic way'. There was no similar inhibition at the State Department's Bureau of Public Affairs to which Hughes moved from USIA in August 1982, taking over as Secretary Haig's spokesman.

LATE LAST YEAR the *New Statesman* became embroiled in this operation. On 5 November 1982, we had published a story about the Reagan Administration's policy towards South Africa. It included the reproduction of a letter from a State Department source, which appeared to have been sent by Pieter Swanepoel, a South African Embassy official in Washington, to Jeane Kirkpatrick, the US Representative at the United Nations. Dated 1 December 1981, the letter claimed to convey greetings to Mrs Kirkpatrick from the chief of South African military intelligence. It referred to a gift 'on the occasion of your birthday as a token of appreciation from my government'.

Since history is littered with forged documents, the *NS* undertook intensive analysis to check the document before publication. The typeface and other elements of the document matched genuine samples of South African Embassy correspondence. The results suggested that it could not have been put together from genuine letters.

Swanepoel denied writing the letter; Ambassador Kirkpatrick denied receiving it. Without further investigation the disinformation group concluded that the 'forgery' fitted the pattern of current Soviet propaganda — Moscow was then accusing the Reagan Administration of secret military links

Camera Press

Jeane Kirkpatrick, who denied receiving the South African letter published in the *NS*, and John Hughes, in charge of 'Project Truth', who alleged it was a KGB forgery but then withdrew the allegation

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with South Africa. The *NS*, it was asserted had fallen for a KGB 'active measure'. The officials involved now admit that this was just a deduction — there was no evidence corroborating *either* that the *NS* document was a forgery *or* that it came from the KGB.

The State Department made its allegation public in a report, *Soviet Active Measures*, issued by Hughes's bureau in September 1983. This identified several news fabrications and plants for which there was solid evidence. Regarding the *NS* story, it wrote: 'The active measure's purpose... was to provide "evidence" of close US-South African ties'.

Few US papers picked up the report — the *Washington Post* ran two stories several weeks apart, but did not include the allegation against the *NS*. The only major US newspaper to report it was the *Wall Street Journal*, in a story on 15 December 1983.

The *NS* had already filed a request with Hughes, seeking disclosure of the evidence that the State Department had for its allegations. Three months later, when the *WSJ* story appeared, Hughes still hadn't responded. He was asked again and Secretary of State George Shultz was also asked for the evidence by Representative Howard Wolpe, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa. 'The *New Statesman*'s allegations, if true, would have serious consequences for US relations with Africa', Wolpe wrote. 'On the other hand, factual proof of a Soviet disinformation effort would lend weight to our diplomacy'. The *Wall Street Journal* was also asked to publish a letter giving the *NS*'s version of the story.

Under pressure, the State Department claims began to crumble. In January, one of the forgeries listed in *Soviet Active Measures* as a KGB active measure was identified in London as a hoax, perpetrated by members of the rockband Crass. The State Department conceded this might have been a hoax: 'But that doesn't change the fact, even if that were true, that the Soviets in fact have engaged very extensively in active measures'.

Hughes then sent a letter to the *NS*, claiming that examination of the text of the *NS*'s alleged letter to Ambassador Kirkpatrick made it clear that it was a forgery. He was, however, now less categoric about the letter being a KGB forgery. The *NS* report and its accompanying document, he said, 'fit into a pattern of active measures undertaken by the Soviet Union and its surrogates ... to depict the United States relationship with South Africa as far closer and more intimate than is actually the case'.

Since then State Department officials have admitted off the record that there was no positive evidence of a KGB active measure in this case and there was nothing, they claim, that *explicitly* said so in their report. They also withdrew their original allegation that the 'forgery' was a 'cut and paste' job from genuine letters. Hughes, however, refused to withdraw for the record what he alleged in his letter.

At first the managing editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, Norman Pearlstine, refused to print any letter from the *NS* setting the record straight, arguing that 'we haven't made any mistakes'. After seven weeks of negotiations, the *WSJ* agreed to print a letter from Hugh Stephenson, as editor of the *NS*, but only if it omitted a sentence saying that the State Department had withdrawn its allegations. □

Laurie Sparham/Network

CUBA

Thanks to Fidel

Maria-Teresa Guerreiro reports on Cuban pride 25 years after the revolution

THE CHAMBERMAID, a thin black woman perhaps in her mid-fifties, sat in my hotel room smoking one of my American cigarettes with obvious delight. She wasted no time satisfying her curiosity. What was my name? Where did I come from? Did I have children? She had children *and* grandchildren, she announced with great pride. Then I casually asked what was life like in Cuba. Her reply came instantly: 'Good. Really good. Much better than before. The thing is, this government really cares for the poor'. What about the previous one, I asked. 'Oh, they couldn't care less. I am much better off now than I ever was'. She paused. Then she joined her hands, semi-closed her eyes and said with almost religious devotion: 'Thanks to Fidel. Yes, thanks to Fidel'.

Twenty-five years after the victory of the revolution Cubans — all Cubans — are undoubtedly better off than before and grateful for it. More importantly, they are immensely proud of the achievements of the revolution — '*our* revolution', they always call it. On my first evening in Havana I went for a meal in a small pizzeria in the old part of town. Sitting with three strangers, as directed by the waiter to make up a table for four, I was asked what I had seen of the city so far. Suddenly one of them asked: 'And have you visited the new hospital yet?' I was somewhat startled. 'Well, you must.' They all started enthusing about this new hospital: it had the most sophisticated equipment, wonderful doctors and nurses. 'It is so good', one of them said, 'that we've come to know it as The Hotel for the Sick'. He drew my attention to recently published statistics, which show that the rate of infant mortality in the country has been brought down to 16.8 per 1,000 births. 'Do you realise', he stressed, 'that that is the best in the whole of Latin America, and better than in many capitalist countries too?' He ended triumphantly: 'And we don't have to pay a cent for any of it. Our revolution guarantees free health care to every Cuban'.

Success in the health field over the past 25 years has been nothing short of remarkable. A vast network of services of both preventive and curative medicine now reaches even the most remote areas of the country, at a cost to the state of over $600 million last year. Not surprisingly, Cubans are generally healthy, but they're now being told they can be healthier and fitter. Three campaigns were in full swing last month: let's eat better by improving our diets, let's do a lot more physical exercise, and — a difficult one — let's stop smoking. Given Cubans' love of their cigars and cigarettes, an eventual success of the anti-smoking campaign would speak volumes about the effectiveness of State propaganda and power of mobilisation. The Cubans even export health, with their medical missions currently in Vietnam, Angola, Ethiopia, Nicaragua and elsewhere.

Private medicine *is* allowed, provided that doctors play their full part in the health service. But most Cubans appear unable to understand why anybody should want to go to a doctor and pay for it, when they can get the best medical

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attention free; and private medicine seems to be declining, restricted mostly to elderly doctors from 'the time before'.

CUBANS DIVIDE their lives into 'before' and 'after'. Before and after the revolution, that is. Warm, lively, and extremely communicative, they love chatting, and they're forever telling stories. Even the younger generations, whose lives began 'after', will launch into great tales of life 'before' with as much enthusiasm and vivid detail as if they'd seen and felt it all. Some do, at a certain point, stop to provide you with what they think is a necessary explanation: 'Of course, I wasn't there. But my father (or my mother, or my grandfather) told me'.

This passion for telling, the tremendous vitality of oral history has been one of the mainstays of the Cuban revolution. Memories of what it was like 'before' keep alive the gratitude for all the changes for the better, in some cases even a sense of wonderment. One Cuban told me softly, half-musingly: 'I am a peasant, and my family used to be very poor. But now I have a duaghter studying to be a diplomat'. Such memories also remind Cubans of the need to keep working to make things better and preserve a vigilance against 'the threat of imperialist aggression'. The shadow of their huge and hostile neighbour, the US, 'only 90 miles across the water', as they keep reminding you, remains a strong bond of unity between Cubans as well as a powerful challenge to prove themselves.

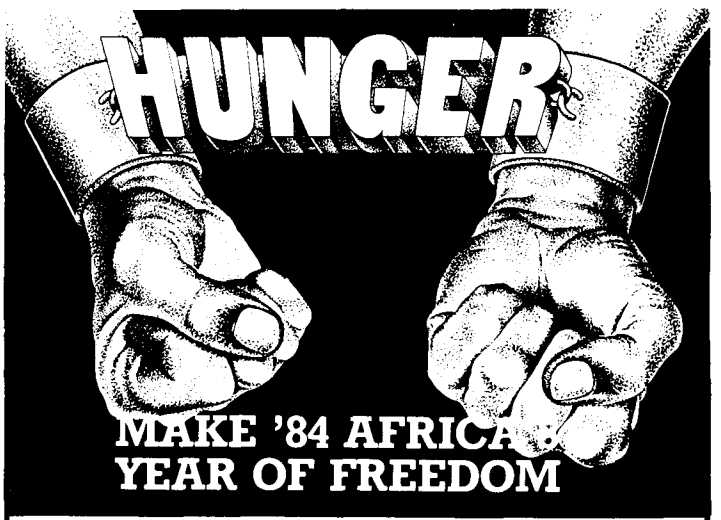
All this finds a clear expression in the CDRs — the Committees for the Defence of the Revolution. Started in 1960 with the purpose of neutralising counter-revolutionary activities, their functions have spread and evolved throughout the years. There is now one CDR in every urban block and every rural community in Cuba. The executive committee of one of Havana's 1,568 CDRs got together one evening to talk to me about their work. I began to question the ethics of spying on one's neighbours, until they told me that out of 107 people in their block 98 belonged to the CDR. But they do keep an eye on what goes on in their area, and any unusual goings on are entered in a book. They point out that counter-revolutionary activities have been kept in check owing, to a large extent, to their round-the-clock vigilance; and so has common crime. As one of the *cederistas* put it: 'If you're thinking of committing some kind of mischief, you'll think twice if you know somebody is watching'. Daytime 'vigilance' is kept mostly by retired people; night-time vigilance is divided into two shifts: 11-2 for the women, 2-5 for the men.

At the time of my visit, the CDR was mainly busy with two things: the tetanus vaccinations — *cederistas* are responsible for ensuring that everyone in the block knows when to go for their vaccines and does indeed go — and this month's elections for *poder popular*. These assemblies of popular power are a relatively new addition to the Cuban revolution (they started in 1976) and Cubans see them as 'socialist democracy' in action. They are organs of local government at municipality and provincial level, with delegates elected every two and a half years, and are responsible for overseeing the running of local production units and services as well as of cultural, recreational, and educational facilities.

Like all the other mass organisations, they also provide a link between the people and the authorities. The CDRs have to make sure that the names and CVs of candidates are displayed in prominent places, where everybody can see them. This, the *cederistas* explained, is important, as the nominated candidates do not engage in political campaigns. 'They are judged solely on the basis of their record and their revolutionary activities', they stressed. Elected delegates — who are not paid — have to report back to those who elected them every three months. If the people are not happy with their work, they can unseat them and elect somebody else. 'It doesn't often happen', one of the *cederistas* told me. 'But there have been cases. Not in our area though, I'm happy to say'.

It is almost a cliché that, if there is a privileged section in Cuban society, then it's children. Child-care facilities are good and include numerous creches where children are looked after from 45 days to 5 years old. Education is free — and there are ample opportunities for adult education at university level.

Women's participation in Cuban life is not so good, according to the Federation of Cuban Women, as they would ideally like it to be: 'But we're progressing', one of the Federation's leaders told me. 'Women now make up 38.9 per cent of the labour force, and have reached 53 per cent in the technical sector', she told me. 'But, on the other hand the percentage of women delegates in *poder popular* is regrettably low, only 7 or 8 per cent'. She said that *machismo*



Africa's worst drought for fifty years means more than newspaper headlines. Thousands are starving to death every day, infant mortality is rising, and disease is rampant.

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remained a big problem in Cuban society, but more at the level of personal rather than professional relationships. Thus the majority of men think nothing of working side by side with, say, a female crane operator, but many will think twice if it's their wife operating that crane.

On the whole, as the hotel chambermaid said, life appears to be pretty good in Cuba, compared certainly to the rest of Latin America. Cubans are justified in marking their anniversary with those huge posters which can be seen everywhere in the country saying: '25 years of successes — we're doing fine!' □

TURKEY

Military prisoners

Nicholas Bell unmasks the reality behind the 'return to democracy' in our NATO ally

THE GOOD showing of 'The Motherland Party' of Turgut Ozal in the Turkish local elections of 25 March, and the authorised participation of previously forbidden parties have led many commentators to say that Turkey is on its way 'back to democracy'.

However, the constitution, approved in November 1982, and a series of laws on the press, education, trade unions, political parties and associations, passed by the military authorities before the November 1983 elections, have given President Evren and his new presidential council (formerly the National Security Council) unprecedented powers of intervention. The president nominates all the most powerful civilian and judicial posts.

Also directly responsible to the president are the new supreme governors who administer the nine regions. The 67 province governors are placed under their authority, and together they possess extraordinary powers, similar to those of martial law commanders. The president can proclaim a state of emergency in 'grave economic crisis'. The governors may then suspend the activities of trade unions and associations, ban newspapers, impose compulsory labour and seize the property of any individual, each governor being entitled to act within his region without directions from central government.

Martial law courts also have their new 'civilian' equivalent: the state security courts. These will deal with all acts of organisation and propaganda aimed at 'ensuring the domination of one social class over others' (i.e. working-class politics) or 'creating distinctions between individuals because of their language or race . . .' (i.e. Kurdish demands). A state supervisory council is entitled to control at any time all registers of associations and trade unions.

The constitution and subsequent laws recognised in theory a series of rights and freedoms, but go on to empty these of all their meaning through numerous prohibitions, exceptions and restrictions. Bulent Tanor, the distinguished, exiled professor of constitutional law, has described this as: 'A water-tight lid liable to stifle every aspiration to liberty.'

Before the 'transition to civilian government' the military authorities ensured that it is practically impossible to change these laws. Any alteration of the constitution needs a two-thirds majority in parliament and presidential approval. In addition, a decree passed a week after the parliamentary elections forbids the constitutional court, whose president is named by Evren, to revoke certain decrees decided by the Turkish generals. The list of decrees affected is long.

There is little likelihood that the newly elected parliament will attempt to alter the generals' legislation, all parties and individual candidates having been vetted to such an extent that they were almost hand-picked by the generals. Many commentators have praised the fact that previously forbidden parties were authorised to participate in the local elections. But the 'True Path Party' and its leader, Yildirim Avci, have been accused of being a new version of Demirel's Justice Party. It is likely that it will be banned.

MARTIAL LAW remains in force in almost all the country's provinces, and is likely to remain so for years, at least in certain regions — Kurdistan, Black Sea Coast, and the large cities. No candidates who promoted their cause were permitted in either the parliamentary or local elections, leaving a quarter of the population totally unrepresented.

Recently, news has been reaching Europe from the military prison of Diyarbakir in Turkish Kurdistan and from Mamak Prison in Ankara. A prisoner declared in court on 19 March: 'We are people who love life. We want to live. But we are in such a desperate situation that we have had enough of such a life. Instead of living in such a manner, we prefer to die voluntarily and preserve our dignity'. At least 12 prisoners died as a result of the hunger strike at Diyarbakir military prison. The mothers and relatives of the prisoners who went to Ankara to protest to the authorities have often themselves been arrested and tortured or put under permanent surveillance. Nothing has appeared in the Turkish press about these protests due to censorship imposed by the martial law authorities.

As a result of the mothers' protest, Necat Eldem, the justice minister, went to Diyarbakir with the health minister in early March. But they were denied the right to inspect the prison by the military authorities. Eldem afterwards declared that unfortunately he could in no way intervene, the prison being the domain of the martial law authorities.

In March, at a session of the political commission of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, a Turkish MP, Kamram Inan, replied angrily to allegations of torture in Turkish prisons, claiming that 'there is not one single political detainee' in Turkish prisons.

Inan's colleagues in Ankara, however, have been less dismissive of the accusations that there are political prisoners in Turkey. Shortly after the November elections, appeals for at least a partial amnesty for political prisoners and for the abolition of capital punishment became increasingly frequent from individual MPs and the heads of the parliamentary committees of justice and internal affairs. The military authorities, however, quickly banned the publication of all comment on an amnesty.

The military authorities have also refused to permit the entry of European delegations into the prisons and into mass trials. Even the Red Cross has never been able to visit a prison. One day before the November elections, a delegation sent by the refugee rights group, CEDRI, was refused entry into a mass trial in Fatsa. On 24 March, the day before the local elections, a French delegation sent by the International Federation for Human Rights was obliged to go home after continual harassment. Their hotel room was searched by police at 5am on the Saturday before the elections. Meanwhile, mass arrests of trade unionists, students and political activists continue, new mass trials have begun against trade unionists and death sentences are pronounced (on 24 January eight activists were sentenced to death at Erzincan).

The political commission of the Council of Europe decided in March to send a delegation to Turkey at the end of April, to report back to the May session, which will decide on Turkey's continued membership of the Council. The Commission has made known that it expects the Turkish authorities to authorise entry by the delegation into Mamak and Diyarbakir prisons. It has warned that refusal to grant this would have 'grave consequences' for Turkey. This was quickly followed by Prime Minister Ozal announcing last week the creation of a 'commission of inquiry' to look into allegations of mistreatment in Turkish prisons.

The recent report published by the martial law command, detailing the findings of a nine-man commission into prison conditions, speaks of 53 deaths in Turkish prisons, only two of which were as a result of torture. Already in 1982, the Turkish authorities officially admitted to 15 deaths due to torture, and most European estimates are much higher. This only strengthens the suspicion that the Turkish military will once again attempt to counter Europe's investigations by giving false or misleading information, or by simply refusing, as up to now, to permit access to their prisons and the right to confidential interviews with lawyers and prisoners. □

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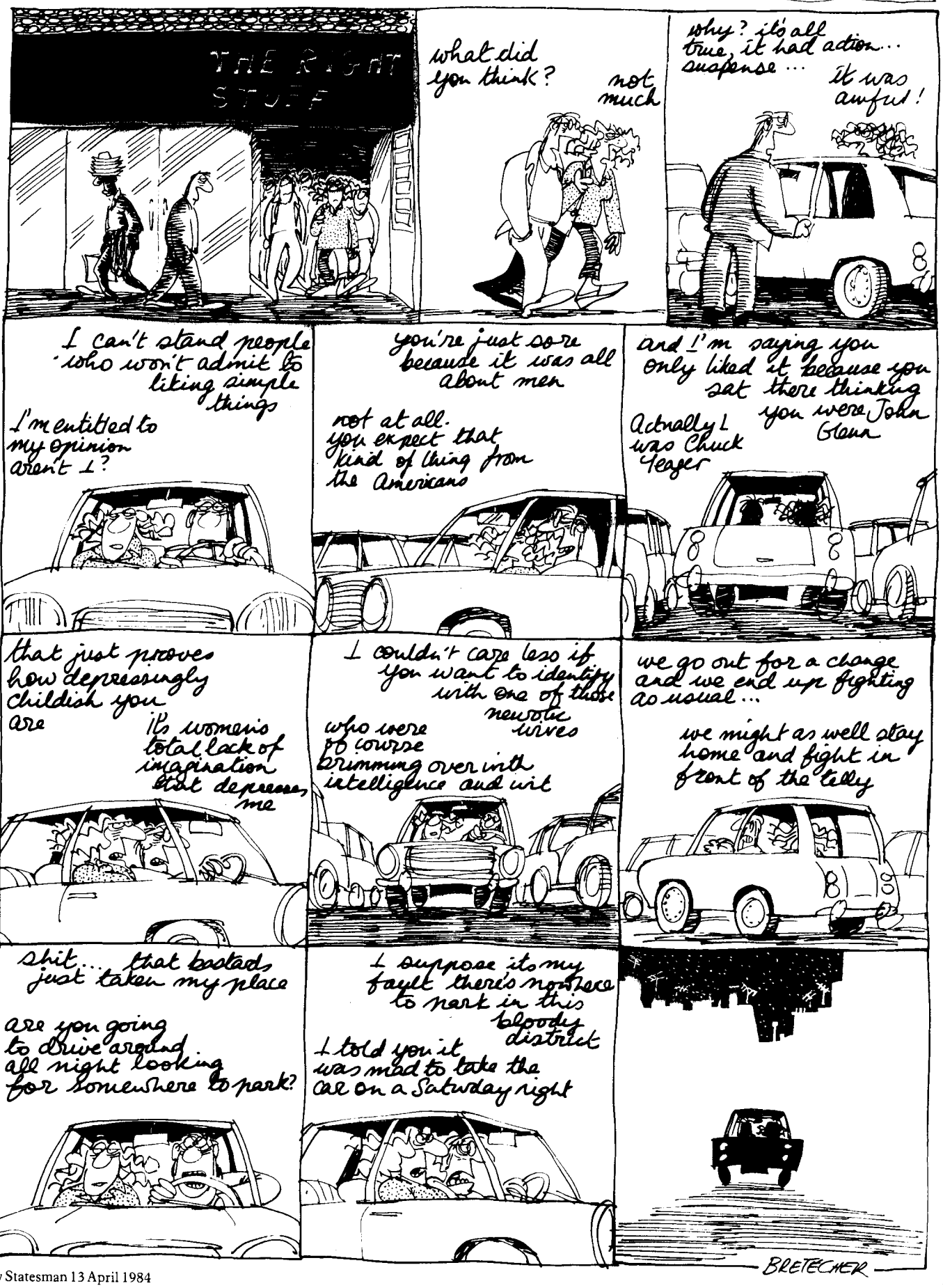
BRETECHER

SATURDAY NIGHT OUT


THE RIGHT STUFF
what did you think?
not much
why? it's all true, it had action... suspense...
it was awful!
I can't stand people who won't admit to liking simple things
I'm entitled to my opinion aren't I?
you're just sore because it was all about men
not at all. you expect that kind of thing from the Americans
and I'm saying you only liked it because you sat there thinking you were John Glenn
Actually I was Chuck Yeager
that just proves how depressingly childish you are
it's women's total lack of imagination that depresses me
I couldn't care less if you want to identify with one of those neurotic wives who were of course brimming over with intelligence and wit
we go out for a change and we end up fighting as usual...
we might as well stay home and fight in front of the telly
shit... that bastard's just taken my place
are you going to drive around all night looking for somewhere to park?
I suppose it's my fault there's nowhere to park in this bloody district
I told you it was mad to take the car on a Saturday night
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Hierarchy and discipline

Paul Rowntree, Sheffield

Your editorial on Greenham (*NS* 6 April) seemed to suggest that hierarchies and discipline are either undesirable or unnecessary, or both. This has also been an implicit premise in much of your other recent coverage of Greenham.

However, what is wrong with the mentality of those inside the Greenham wire is not their commitment to hierarchy and discipline as such, but the degree of their commitment — which is so strong that it prevents them appreciating the moral and political implications of nuclear weaponry. Without some degree of hierarchy and discipline, a complex society like ours could not function at all. Moreover, complex organisations committed to democratic accountability require some degree of hierarchy and discipline to ensure that the decisions of the membership are carried out and also to ensure that it is possible to identify those responsible if they are not.

On occasion, it may appear that certain social groups have managed to eliminate hierarchy and discipline altogether. Such groups are usually loosely structured, often numerically small and usually are composed of people who share an intense commitment to a particular goal or to a particular way of life. The intensity of this commitment minimises the need for any elaborate decision-making or arbitration procedures. Almost invariably, however, the hierarchy and discipline in these groups simply lacks a formal expression, and an informal and largely unrecognised élite maintains discipline and order through a more or less coercive consensus. Of course, there is nothing necessarily wrong with such groups — as long as we know what is going on, know how to combat any 'tyranny of structurelessness' and can judge accurately when to introduce more explicit and more formal structures.

Hierarchy and discipline are perfectly natural tendencies for human beings to display. They arise from an obvious need for some kind of order among complex social animals whose interests and desires often conflict. Like many of our other behavioural tendencies, they may get out of hand at times. But, clearly, that is an argument for trying to get the balance right.

How *not* to stop the City

Dr Tony Weaver, London SW8

The demonstrations on 29 March made an appalling mockery of the peace movement. May I urge those whose overall concern is to reduce violence to have nothing to do with this kind of thing, and to persuade their groups to dissociate from such events?

I joined my friends, fellow demonstrators, in Lombard Street having previously been briefed in a leaflet got out by 'STC, 6 Endsleigh St' which said that 'last September . . . people did express in an effective nonviolent way their feelings about how the City helps to destroy life . . .'; and in another that 'Life is: love and understanding, trust and tolerance'.

However, what was reported in *The Times* and in the *Guardian* next day entirely contradicted these sentiments: 'Several cars were damaged, windows broken, smoke bombs thrown, paint sprayed on statues and buildings and two policemen injured'. To onlookers, hooligans on a rampage were seen to be slashing flowers.

There must be a lot very wrong with demonstrations if they get such reporting, and in this case we cannot accuse the media of distortion. Methods such as blocking streets without full explanation are surely counter-productive, and certainly not likely to persuade those City people, and others watching TV, to change their views. What *was* the message that got across?

Merely to stop the City because, like William Morris, we deplore the profit motive, is one thing; 'to create a new world of freedom, sharing and co-operation' (STC leaflet) is quite another. The latter will hardly come about from baiting the police or simply accusing others of exploitation. We must take responsibility for our own oppressors (see Freire), and admit that by living in the Western world we are part of that greedy minority which exploits the Third.

If the answer to economic, political and moral problems is to be found through nonviolence it follows that our own way of life — at home, at work, in public actions, say, of street drama — should exemplify that. Let us practise and study it, for the freedom we seek has to be earned by our own efforts.

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A well defiled?

Carl Caplan, Glasgow

The *New Statesman* has been a part of my life for over half a century and my respect for, and reliance upon it has been as complete as if it entered my home like a good-living and esteemed friend.

In recent months a *serious* deterioration in its standards has been evident. The Diary (30 March) quotes an intimate moment when Lyndon Johnson came out of his shower, simply to find an excuse for your columns to print the four-letter Anglo-Saxon verb for copulation. Those who are titillated by such expressions are *not* at the intellectual — or moral — standard I always assumed for your readership.

Let me conclude by assuring you that almost four-and-a-half years of service in the war-time RAF gave me an abundant vocabulary of 'verbal stench' in several languages but — please — avoid this in your hitherto impeccable publication, formerly a 'well of English pure and undefiled'.

Great British music

Richard Black, Sevenoaks, Kent

I really must take issue with Andrew Clements (*NS* 23 March) in his criticisms of the 'Great British Music Festival' and the composers represented therein. In particular, the implication that any of Lord Berners, Constant Lambert, Havergal Brian or George Lloyd may in any sense

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be described as an 'artistic sow's ear' is by any standards ridiculous. I wonder if Mr Clements actually knows any music by any of these, beyond perhaps *Rio Grande* (arguably Lambert's weakest work). Brian in particular was one of the greatest composers in history, his *Gothic Symphony* among others standing comparison with any symphony yet written.

As for Robert Simpson's music being a 'return to good old musical standards', this just proves that Mr Clements is totally ignorant of the composer's entire output; for instance his fifth symphony, featured in the series, is one of the most striking recent works I have heard, quite as 'modern' as anything by Penderecki or Lutoslawski, for example, in that it could not have been written 40 years ago, or even less.

Mr Clements's attitude is typical of so many Britons, today as ever; if only he will try listening to some of the music he so readily slates, he will find how wrong he is.

Bring out your poems

Raving Beauties Ltd, 55 Winterbrook Road, London SE24

Following the rich response from 'closet poets' to the publication of *In the Pink*, Raving Beauties — Anna, Fan and Sue — are planning a new anthology of women's verse to be published by The Womens Press. We are looking for new and unpublished poems by women, but we are also happy to consider short contributions in prose. The theme is not decided yet, but we are particularly interested in work; ageing; rape; violence against women; children; the nuclear threat. Please send material (copies only) to the above address and enclose an SAE if you want it returned. You will of course be approached formally for copyright if your material is chosen.

Peace prize commendations

John Pilger has been highly commended in the 1983 United Nations Association Media Peace Prize for his articles in the *New Statesman* on Nicaragua and Eritrea, as well as his Central Television documentary, 'Nicaragua: A Special Report'.

The judge's citation reads: 'John Pilger reports with great professional skill and a passionate moral commitment to a people's right to life. In Nicaragua he found a people rapidly advancing their standards of nutrition, health and literacy, and by their own efforts since the overthrow of the Somoza dictatorship, but only to be blacklisted by the US as Marxists. Pilger has raised his voice in protest against the oppression of poor peoples in many parts of the world, and in 1983 most movingly of the Eritreans, an almost forgotten people in a largely forgotten war'.

Mike Goldwater, whose photographs appeared with John Pilger's Eritrea article, was also highly commended. His pictures, said the citation, 'pinpoint the essential dignity of the human spirit in the midst of outrageous deprivation and inhumanity'.

Winners of the Peace Prize are script-writer Peter Adamson, for his BBC documentaries on the developing world, and his wife Lesley for her contribution to the UNICEF report 'The State of the World's Children 1984'.

FEEDBACK

A man of straw

I WAS BURNT in effigy the other day. Apparently some admirers of Subhas Chandra Bose were celebrating his birthday in Bengal. The party turned into an angry protest at Granada's film *The War of the Springing Tiger* which had chronicled Bose's collaboration with the Germans and Japanese in the second world war; and as author of the offending documentary I was made a man of straw and sentenced to suttee.

I long ago learned that to expose an idol's feet of clay is no way to win Brownie points, but I remain bemused by the violence of much of the Indian reaction to *Springing Tiger* (which gets a repeat on Saturday night at 7pm on Channel 4). How can people who like to be thought of as good democratic socialists object to the demythologising of a man who chose to place his nationalist contribution to India's freedom under the patronage of Hitler and Hirohito?

True, Bose was regarded in the 1930s as one of the leaders of the Indian Left — secretary of the Indian TUC, joint general secretary of Congress with Nehru, and Nehru's successor as Congress President. There is much in his record which progressive India can remember with pride. He made himself a symbol of *active* resistance to imperialism: a reassurance that, whatever Gandhi might say, Indians didn't *have* to turn the other cheek to their oppressors.

But those (and they include Mihir Bose in, of all places, the *New Statesman*, 20 January) who find much to respect and even revere in the younger Bose also find it necessary to play down, if not actively defend, Bose's catastrophic choice of allies: his flirtation with fascism. Mihir Bose is not a wholly uncritical devotee of his namesake. But in his view Subhas Chandra Bose simply 'got entangled' with the awful philosophies of Nazism and fascism. His raising of the Indian National Army under first German, then Japanese sponsorship was 'the product more of the exigencies of war than of planning'. British hostility 'forced' him into his role of 'ugly Indian'. It was all an accident.

If that is so, then *Springing Tiger* (not to mention *Jewel in the Crown*, to which it formed a prelude and tomorrow forms a postlude) got it badly wrong. But however wedded we are to the cock-up theory of history, can we believe that the poor fellow really couldn't help it? That he was a victim of 'exigencies' rather than the maker of his own destiny?

The 'exigency' theory insists that Bose had no sympathy with fascism as a doctrine: he found himself yoked with distasteful partners solely on the pragmatic basis that his enemy's enemy was his friend. The record hardly supports this view. Take, for instance, Bose's initiative as early as 1928 in setting up a paramilitary corps of 'Congress Volunteers' (with himself as 'General Officer Commanding'). Gandhi cleverly neutralised what to him was a thoroughly heretical development by dubbing Bose's uniformed ranks 'Bertram Mills' Circus'. But other members of the Congress old guard were openly perturbed. They were quick to see the parallels between Bose's 'Volunteers' and similar movements in Europe modelled on Mussolini's Fascists.

Again, when enrolled as Major of Calcutta on 24 September 1930, Bose spoke of his own ideology as 'a synthesis of what modern Europe calls socialism and fascism', extolling 'the justice, the equality, the love which is the basis of socialism' and 'the efficiency and the discipline of fascism'. In his book *The Indian Struggle*, written in exile in the 1930s, Bose developed this theme, listing Hitler and Mussolini as well as Stalin as the strong leaders he admired.

Finally, on the eve of war, Bose as President of Congress went out of his way to praise Nazi labour conscription as a model for India, adding for good measure that India needed, not the democracy Congress had struggled for, but a dictatorship 'for at least 20 years'.

Thus, when Bose raised his Indian Legion in Germany in 1941, allowing it to swear personal allegiance to Adolf Hitler; when he accepted from the Legion the title 'Netaji' ('revered leader'), with its clear echoes of Führer and Duce; and when in 1943 he took command of the Japanese-sponsored Indian National Army, he was hardly an innocent victim of 'the exigencies of war', accidentally 'entangled' in ideologies for which he had no sympathy. I am not suggesting Bose was a fascist; but there was clearly much in fascism — efficiency, military discipline, order, the smack of firm leadership — which he found temperamentally and ideologically attractive.

Knowing what we all all know of where fascism led, it is understandable that those who revere their 'Lost Hero', as Mihir Bose calls him, want to do all they can to distance him from his chosen allies. They resent a plain account of the way it was; and when that plain account comes from a team of British film-makers it can always be dismissed as 'imperialist', even 'racist'.

But there is another reason for the angry words and thus, indirectly, for the effigy-burning. Millions of Indians, especially in Bengal, still refuse to believe that Netaji is dead, clinging to the hope that he will shortly reappear to redeem their country. Those millions have votes. This is election year. Every political faction from far-Left to right, certainly including Mrs Gandhi's Congress Party (which recently recruited Bose's nephew), claims to have inherited Bose's mantle, along with Gandhi's and Nehru's. So each must be seen to be protesting louder than its rivals when the 'Lost Hero' is cut back to human size.

Chris Dunkley commented in the *Financial Times* that the film 'adds to the extraordinary process of re-education on the subject of the British Empire now being undertaken by television'. At least Bose is back on stage as a leading player after his banishment first by the British military censors, then by the Fabian Nehru and finally by Richard Attenborough. Nirad Chaudhuri, no respecter of idols, has called him 'the only Indian politician with the courage of his convictions'. Gandhi and Nehru never fully resolved their conflicting allegiances. Bose made a clear choice. But it was a sadly wrong-headed choice, motivated by hatred of British imperialism and a soft spot for the ideals of the New Order. Therein lay his tragedy.

David Boulton

David Boulton is an Executive Producer with Granada Television.

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The World, the Text and the Critic
EDWARD SAID *Faber* £15 & £6.95

Jon Cook

Critical meanings

In the essay here 'On Originality', Said writes about the world of literary criticism:

> what is assumed is a set of contingent and worldly circumstances or conditions from which comes the decision — selected from among other courses of action — to write. The unit of study is determined by these circumstances that, for the writer in question, seem to have enabled or generated the intention to write.

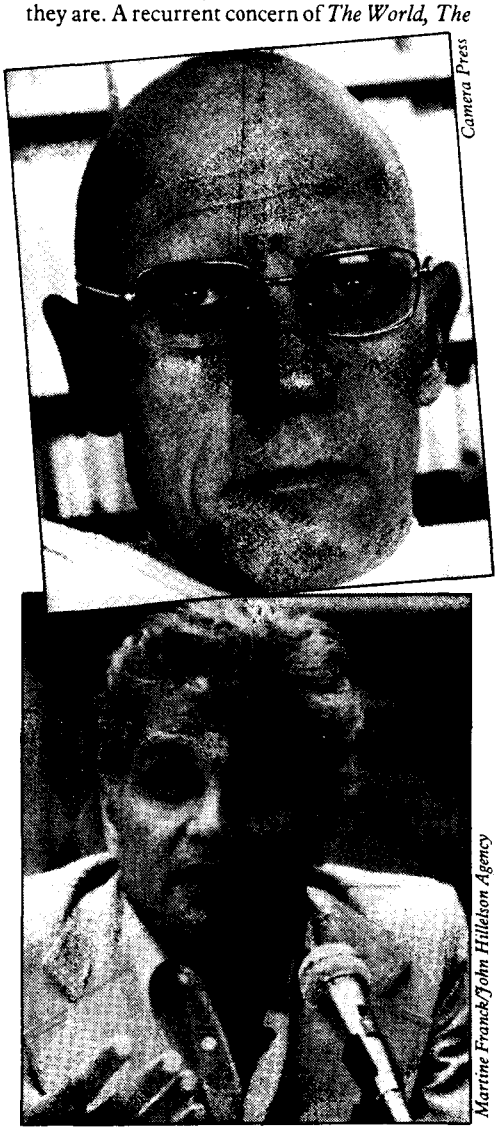
Or, to rephrase Marx, writers produce their own works; they do not, however, do so just as they please, but 'under circumstances directly encountered, given and transmitted from the past'. Said's criticism, fraught with learning but not weighed down by it, is everywhere concerned with the interaction between the desire to write and the complex cultural conditions that shape that desire. The resulting book is, necessarily, intellectually restless and mobile, with a shifting focus which now concentrates on the particular circumstances which produced an author's distinctive work and now turns perhaps to the pre-occupation with originality which has informed the institutions of writing over the centuries.

This variety of perspective is always exhilarating if sometimes intimidating. But Said's variousness is not the product of a wayward critical eclecticism. What weaves a kind of unity through the book is its sustained enquiry into the ways in which meaning is transferred within and between cultures. To take one example, the mutations in the meaning of Lukacs's *History and Class Consciousness,* between 1919 and 1970, between Budapest and Cambridge, are seen neither as a loss in the power of the original text nor as a realisation of its intention, neither as a fall nor as a salvation. Indeed, Said deliberately dispenses with these quasi-theological concepts that have informed literary criticism in the past. His ambition is a thoroughly secular criticism: the meaning of a work or an idea as it circulates through the dense historical medium of different cultures and histories is viewed as dependent on circumstances and contingency.

And if literary work is mired in circumstance, then it is also, according to Said, unavoidably connected with the exercise of power and authority. This can be as a matter of theoretical intention: Said shows the will to power discernible in Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy.* But intellectual work can also be linked with power as a matter of practical effect: Arnold's idea of culture, for example, influenced educational policy from the late 19th century onwards.

On a larger scale this connection between power and knowledge is the central topic of much of Said's earlier work, a topic which resurfaces in the closing chapters of this book in connection with the institutionalisation in the 19th century of Orientalism, the Western 'science' of the East. The Orient is a textual construct, born of fantasy, imagination, philological enquiry and observation, and its false totalities have been used to justify acts of imperial aggression.

It is also one eloquent example of the fact that intellectuals are never innocent of power, however much they might want to pretend that they are. A recurrent concern of *The World, The Text and the Critic* is with the political responsibilities of humanist intellectuals in general and literary critics in particular. Said's response emerges by way of a critique directed particularly towards the late Sixties generation of Western radical intellectuals. There are at least two strands to his argument: one the close analysis of contemporary theory; the other the pointing out of the relation between radical statement and institutional position.



Camera Press

Martine Franck/John Hillelson Agency

Michel Foucault (top) and Jacques Derrida: acknowledged, but not without criticism

In the first case we have one of the most brilliant essays in the book — a sustained and detailed exposition of the work of Derrida and Foucault. Said recognises that their power informs his own work and has had decisive effects on literary and historical study. We are offered, not a grumbling denunciation of foreign influence, but an intimate acquaintance with the works whose limits Said intends to expose. Derrida is criticised for his avoidance of sustained historical enquiry, Foucault — more closely allied with Said in his concern for the relation between power and knowledge — is chastised for his excessive determinism and particularly his refusal to take seriously authorial intent. In both respects Said goes against fashionable views which claim that there is no reality outside the text and that the author is a defunct category.

As for the link between radical statement and institutional position, Said makes the obvious but essential point that 'the oppositional manner of the new New Criticism does not accurately represent its ideas and practice which. . . further solidify and guarantee. . . the culture that produced them'. Thus Derrida announces the demise of the Western philosophical tradition from the security of a professorship which the prestige of that selfsame tradition helped to found and maintain. The purely rhetorical element in the oppositional stance of recent radical criticism is, Said argues, the result of a particular intellectual practice: the emphasis on the formal character of literary work, reconstructed in endless interpretations, at the expense of an historical knowledge of how works have been written and of what institutions have helped them to survive. Such a knowledge confronts the critic and the student with the exigencies of power which excessive stress on interpretation evades. It is, then, in a new kind of historical enquiry that Said discerns the potential for a politically responsible criticism.

This seems to me forceful but limited as a response to the political failure that Said describes. If we return to Derrida we can see that, although Said's account states an intellectual deficiency in the former's thought, it does not engage with Derrida's writing as a symptom of the society in which it has emerged. Why should Derrida have gained such prestige among an intellectual élite? Professional self-interest is clearly one answer; deconstruction can crank the wheel of interpretation so that new books and articles can be produced in a seemingly endless revision of the literary canon. But there's more to it than that. Derrida's stress on the all-encompassing nature of textuality emerges from a society already saturated in representations of itself and in which it is difficult indeed to know where representation ends and reality begins. The threat that this fact poses to a politically responsible and radical criticism should not be under-estimated. As the Tory party conference eloquently demonstrates, political events become spectacles staged for the media. And, as Walter Benjamin saw some years ago, politics as spectacle is a component of Fascist sensibility.

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The effects of this are pervasive. The traditional axes of politics — whether in the Marxist conception of class struggle or the older, humanist conception of the politically responsible citizen — are eroded. Politics as media event dissolves the very oppositions on which radical advance depends. The New Left is succeeded by the New Right; one text mirrors another; as Margaret Thatcher appears on TV in her own staged version of *Yes Minister,* so Neil Kinnock surfaces in a pop music video. In his account of the political failure of New 'Left' criticism, Said has under-estimated this de-politicising power of a spectacular politics which can turn seemingly antagonistic positions into mirror images of each other. The picketing miners are right to turn on the men with cameras; they know the enemy of their struggle for solidarity.

In this context, the value of Said's work does not reside in the local solutions it proposes, but in the manner and the matter of its writing. Like that of one of his preferred authors, Conrad, Said's work is distinguished by the stress of producing responsible statement in the midst of 'conflicting or competing utterances'. In a world of false identities, Said reminds us of the meaning of difference, and that in itself is a politically educative act. □

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Hocus-pocus

IN THE YEAR when a British university agrees to set up a chair for the investigation of the paranormal, it is probably time we re-examined our approach towards magic. It seems only yesterday that, if I thought about it at all, it was as something embedded deep in the past, lingering on regrettably in primitive minds and backward places but best ignored by sane, sensible people. So that when Daniel O'Keefe, in **Stolen Lightning** (Basil Blackwell, £9.95), begins by asserting that magic is 'a universal human idea', irradiating the consciousness of all societies in every age, this comes as rather a shock.

In his fat, encylopaedic and intellectually adventurous work, O'Keefe sets out to produce a general theory of magic which will satisfy the most rigorous rational scrutiny. Along the way he puts us through some painfully, but rewardingly, therapeutic mental gymnastics by asking, and answering himself, every possible question on the concept. Is magic social action or individual fantasy? Does it grow out of religion or give birth to religion? Does it protect the self or betray it? Did it aid or retard the development of civilisation? Why today does it seem to be not only surviving but thriving? What is its relation to science?

I cannot claim entirely to have captured the full richness of this extraordinary investigation, transgressing and colonising so many academic disciplines, but I incline at the end to the viewpoint of the Marxist investigator, Theodore Adorno, whose papers on the occult were produced long before the current revival. It seems to me undeniable that we are witnessing 'a symptom of a regression in the face of social helplessness' and I cannot resist his summing-up of the accumulated wisdom of the new magi as 'the metaphysics of the dopes'.

O'Keefe himself isolates some of the new ingredients that make today's social mulch so receptive to the seeds of irrationality. One is the growing distrust of modern medicine, with its iatrogenic diseases caused by techniques designed to cure, which makes magical treatments appear increasingly attractive. Many contemporary ailments also seem psychosomatic and susceptible to treatments that exist only in the mind. In America, 'magic is big business', paying large dividends to non-profit-making organisations which operate tax free. Since almost all paranormal solutions tend to encourage conformity and passivity—astrology being a notable example—they have also little difficulty in attracting 'large infusions of capital from crazy or reactionary sections of America's rich'. Heavily endowed foundations 'manufacture news reports of magical findings as pseudo-events'.

In such a climate, it is perhaps surprising that Anita Mason's brilliant and diverting portrait of a First Century magician, Simon Magus, the 'Faustus' or 'favoured one' who returned again and again to haunt the imagination of Europe, did not elevate itself from the short list to become all-out winner of the Booker last year. **The Illusionist** (Abacus, £1.95) might have been designed as a fictional parallel to *Stolen Lightning* juggling as it does in a fashion that is frequently comic, ingenious and genuinely hair-raising with some of the same notions of the real and the surreal. Perhaps the Booker judges underrated it because, as some of them confessed on television later, they failed to identify the New Testament characters pictured there, with Jesus under his non-Latinised name of Joshua, and Peter called Kepha. It is a novel which opens out, leaf upon leaf, the more you know of its setting, though it is still to be recommended, even to the theologically ignorant, as a highly readable historical romance in the tradition of Robert Graves's *King Jesus*.

Few works of fiction are more threaded with magic themes, humans and immortals literally interpenetrating, than the epic poems of Homer. I have read *The Odyssey*, in translation, several times, and always with pleasure, not least because its hero is one of my favourite characters in literature. But faced with **The Iliad** (World's Classics, £2.95) I found it hard to work up much enthusiasm in advance, remembering it as one long sequence of personal combats like a do-it-yourself course in butchery for cannibals.

It was Professor G.S. Kirk's introduction to this edition which made me really appreciate what an immensely sophisticated exercise Homer had attempted. With all the legends, all the history, of this ten-year war to encompass, he had the nerve to narrow it all down to one episode of a few days' fighting, the outcome of which turns on a rather shabby quarrel between the Commander-in-Chief and his principal warrior. It is difficult not to see here an ironic, subversive questioning of the whole ethos of war as the divine art. Robert Fitzgerald's translation, sinewy, realistic, unselfconscious, keeps the attention on what is actually going on in a way few of his predecessors have been able to manage, at least for our generation.

Having enjoyed *The Iliad* in great swoops and swallows, I was reluctant to have my pleasure alloyed by Christopher Logue's **War Music** (King Penguin, £2.50) which boils Homer down to what Logue calls 'an account' of Books 16 to 19. My first dip was not encouraging as I netted clichés ('dying like flies'), jarring slang ('pulling rank', 'bronze flak', 'so many Trojans had a go at him'), awkward anachronisms ('gracefully as men in oilskins cast/Fake insects over trout'), and crude typographical devices, seeming more fitting to a children's story, such as where APOLLO's name runs across two pages in two-inch high capitals.

But when I sat down to read it straight through, I was instantly gripped by the way Logue seems everywhere at once, like a camera in a helicopter, continually varying close up and long shot, description and comment, asides to the reader and direct address to his characters. Phrase after phrase is thrown out like a javelin: 'The daylight stiffens to translucent horn . . .' or 'Dust like red mist. Pain like chalk on slate'.

He fixes them all with the same beady gaze: 'And then above, their faces pressed against eternal glass, The Gods . . .' or the troops below, common soldiers who 'do not own the swords with which they fight . . . the ones who dozed like rows of spoons' and also 'those with everything to lose, the Kings,/Asleep like pistols in red velvet'. The anachronisms, such as 'the pistols', disappear. *War Music* is at once an ancient and a modern poem, a triumph of virtuoso rhetoric. □

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLITICAL PRESS IN BRITAIN

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English Journey
J.B. PRIESTLEY *Heinemann* £12.95
English Journey
BERYL BAINBRIDGE *Duckworth/BBC* £7.95

Probably the last great travel book to deal with this country, *English Journey* epitomises the 'realist' approach to the subject, recording a tour of Depression-hit industrial centres rather than one of cathedrals and country lanes. Originally published 50 years ago, it has remained in print ever since. To mark the anniversary, Heinemann has brought out an attractive Jubilee Edition illustrated with 80 period photographs (including several by Bill Brandt). While a commendable tribute, it's still really a case of gilding the lily; *English Journey* is worth having in even the cheapest of cheap editions, with or without photographs.

The commemorative impulse has also borne fruit at the BBC. Last summer, Beryl Bainbridge was commissioned 'To assess the changes wrought by half a century of progress' since Priestley's tour by following 'in his footsteps'. The documentary series recording her travels is now under way on BBC-2. Unfortunately, if this prose record is any guide, a fine idea has been reduced, by half-hearted execution, to a TV gimmick. Bainbridge's book — far thinner, both literally and metaphorically, than Priestley's original — chronicles not a single journey, but several excursions from London which follow Priestley's route only in broad outline: the majority of his stopping-places have been completely bypassed. And few worthwhile efforts are made to compare the Recession-present with his Depression-past. For the most part, Bainbridge's tendency towards diaristic brevity results in mere glimpses of the England we know: the disaster of 'town planning', automated factories, glue-sniffing, unemployment... Only when describing the gruesome high-rise estates of Liverpool, her home town, and Birmingham does she really do justice to her subject. It's unlikely that, in 50 years, many people will be reading about *this* journey.

David Montrose

The Trials of Israel Lipski
MARTIN L. FRIEDLAND *Macmillan* £8.95

The case of Israel Lipski, a 22-year-old Polish Jewish immigrant charged with the murder of a fellow immigrant's wife by acid poisoning, became one of the most controversial domestic events of 1887, the Jubilee Year. Lipski, who was found unconscious under the murdered woman's bed, claimed that the murder had been committed by two other immigrants who had then assaulted him, forcing him to drink some of the acid. With forensic science in its infancy, fingerprinting a thing of the future (1901), and given the difficulties of interviewing witnesses (nearly all immigrants with little English), there was probably no possibility of establishing what actually happened beyond all reasonable doubt.

The fact that the door of the bedroom was apparently locked told against Lipski, but the defence was conducted so tamely at the trial, and the judge's summing up was so biased, that a miscarriage of justice was widely assumed to have taken place. Great public pressure, orchestrated by W.T. Stead's *Pall Mall Gazette*, built up in favour of Lipski. The judge, James Stephen, was tormented with second thoughts and got Lipski a week's stay of execution, during which time there were growing demands that the Home Secretary, Henry Matthews, should grant a reprieve. The scrupulousness with which Stephen and Matthews sifted the evidence again and again sheds interesting light on the Victorian establishment's conscience. In the end Lipski signed a confession which allowed that conscience to send him to the gallows at peace with itself, though whether Lipski was really guilty Friedland insists remains an open question.

As well as blocking in the social and political background to the case, Friedland covers the contemporary state of the science of hanging. The man chosen to execute Lipski, James Berry, was an exponent of the 'long drop', a side-effect of which was the risk of decapitation. Even though Lipski's neck was nearly severed by the rope, his pulse continued to beat for 13 minutes after Mr Berry pulled the lever. One finishes this fascinating book with a strong sense of relief that the obscenity of capital punishment is a thing of the past.

Simon Rae

In Search of Mind: Essays in Autobiography
JEROME BRUNER *Harper & Row* £14

These essays breathe a modicum of life into the names more usually pushed like counters round the boards of 'perception', 'cognitive processes' or 'development'. The appearance of the author's own name — as in c.f. Bruner (56) — on several different boards is symptomatic of a main theme of this book: that intellectual curiosity should be impatient of all unnecessary barricades. Sadly, while there were some conflicts during his 20-odd years at Harvard, it was on coming to Oxford during the Seventies that Bruner, accustomed to working with anyone whose ideas interested him, was most thoroughly shocked by academic rigidity: he found the psychology department there 'institutionally appalling'.

Bruner himself, claiming never to have been bored again after his freshman Christmas, had by then already shifted his ground of study from selectivity in perception through how and why people think, via early development of the capacity for thought, into the growth of language, pausing en route to help work out a new school curriculum (which aroused considerable conservative opposition) and the Head Start programme (disappointingly little here about this attempt to compensate for the disadvantages with which some children begin their education). The essays are shaped round these fields of research, with chapters of more personal autobiography fore and aft and, here and there, tantalisingly brief reflections on emotions or reactions to other people.

Though it is useful to be reminded that figures like Luria and Piaget did exist outside textbooks, the psychologists, linguists, anthropologists in the cast are too numerous and too little differentiated to seem wholly flesh-and-blood. And the ideas perhaps flit somewhat too rapidly through the pages for Bruner's enthusiasm quite to communicate with the reader who is starting from cold. A useful bit of animation, though, for anyone with an interest in the stuff of psychology degrees.

Gillian Wilce

Chile: The Pinochet Decade — The Rise and Fall of the Chicago Boys
PHIL O'BRIEN and JACKIE RODDICK
Latin American Bureau £2.95

This short, lucid book analyses the complex components of the coup in Chile ten years ago and traces their effects through to the present. It describes how Pinochet consolidated his personal power while a well-organised, monetarist clique, the 'Chicago boys', manoeuvred to prevent any alternative to their shock treatment for the economy. Two seemingly opposed doctrines, 'national security' and free market monetarism, became locked together as the basis for the new regime.

The national security doctrine assumes that there is a permanent war against communism; it rules through fear, promoted by propaganda, secret police and networks of informants. The importance of this doctrine and the powerful influence of the US are not brought out as fully as they might have been. The development of monetarism is described in much more detail: with Milton Freidman's advice, almost all nationalised industries and banks were sold off; education, social security and health services were privatised; trades unions crippled; foreign exchange controls and tariffs all but abolished. The result was a flood of foreign cash for speculators and a brief but spurious boom, creating fortunes for a few, poverty for many, international debt and economic collapse. Thus, for Chileans the price of a free market has been the suppression of political freedom and then economic chaos. Whether this can be generalised as easily as the authors imply is less certain.

They end on an optimistic note, saying that if the people 'are strong enough, and determined enough, over a long period of time, then ultimately they will win'. I hope they are right, but if Pinochet is ousted, the most likely alternatives seem to be either another military junta or a conservative democratic alliance, in both cases at the mercy of international commodity prices. Nevertheless, this book fully justifies Latin American Bureau's reputation for careful research, clear writing and commitment.

Titus Alexander

The Mating Trade
BOB MULLAN *Routledge* £14.95 & £6.95

We are all searching for the perfect partner, even if we pretend otherwise. This, at least, is the faith of the professional match-makers. *The Mating Trade* examines outlets catering for every taste, quirk and custom, from the conventional to the offbeat, from arranged marriages (the *shadkhan* of Judaism, the *nakado* of Japan) to respected marriage bureaux like Heather Jenner's, via computer and video dating to the particular needs of Asians and gays (but no word of gay Asians).

Notwithstanding Britain's one-in-three divorce rate, and the growing failure of *second* marriages, there is still the inexorable rush to find Mr/Ms Right. Clearly, advertising has much to answer for, in its propagation of an idealised, sanitised picture of 'couple-hood', which most of us rarely attain. Mullan stresses the insidious, all-pervasive power of the advertising industry, pointing out in 'The Psychology of Attraction' (the book's strongest chapter), 'If people were not sold such strong, yet repeatedly false, images of both relationships in general and marriage in particular, the matching process might take place in a less pressurised environment.'

Girls in particular, he says, are sold 'a glorified fairy-tale image of marriage', and sex stereotyping is perpetuated ad nauseam via the mass media with their emphasis on physical appearance as the sole arbiter of attractiveness.

Agencies' methods differ, albeit marginally, but the matchmaking clientele is predominantly young, 'upmarket' and middle class. Mullan's book casts its investigative net wide (even Russia and China do not escape the author's scrutiny), injecting some much-needed realism and hard facts into a vexed area. Above all, it scotches the notion that, in a business still beset by stigma, all clients are society's flotsam. An ambitious book, generally clear and readable though sometimes repetitive. I would have welcomed more information about individual clients' success stories... or, indeed, failures. Maybe this calls for a sequel?

Veronica Groocock

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BIOGRAPHY
Jeffrey Meyers

Extreme states

Dostoevsky: The Years of Ordeal, 1850-1859
JOSEPH FRANK *Robson* £14.95

For Dostoyevsky — as for Koestler and Solzhenitsyn — the psychological stress of imprisonment and the confrontation with death shaped the imagination, revealed new possibilities of literary creation and inspired characters who express extreme states of feeling and embody contemporary ideas. His nervous and pathological heroes show a capacity for loving the base and degraded, and a corresponding tendency to be persecuted and despised. This second of five projected volumes traces his life from his arrest for revolutionary plotting to his return to St Petersburg (still under police surveillance) after ten years as a convict and soldier in Siberia. The vast scope of Joseph Frank's book, which emphasises the social context and the development of Dostoyevsky's ideas, allows a leisurely, learned and lapidary examination of his subject. But the narrative of the life sometimes halts or disappears amidst the rather plodding and pedantic exposition.

Dostoyevsky's arrest, coming after his first literary success with *Poor Folk,* broke his life in two. He was first placed in solitary confinement in the Peter-and-Paul Fortress, which was commanded by the great-great-uncle of Vladimir Nabokov, subject to piercing cold and huge rats that attacked in the night. During the investigation he honorably took the blame for his social idealism and desire to liberate the serfs. He accepted his 'purifying martyrdom', exhibited no repentance and was sentenced to four years of penal servitude, followed by an indeterminate time in the Russian army.

The Czar also ordered a mock execution. When reprieved at the final moment from the 'certainty' of death by firing squad, Dostoyevsky felt he had experienced a return from the dead. He had achieved a flash of spiritual awareness immediately before the morbid ritual and believed the foreknowledge of his own death was an *imitatio Christi.* Ecstatic at being given back his life, he came to value above all else the Christian virtues of expiation, forgiveness and love.

Dostoyevsky, shackled and transported by sledge, later recalled crossing the Urals into Asian captivity: 'All around us was the snow and storm; it was the frontier of Europe; ahead was Siberia and our unknown fate, while all the past lay behind us.' The eternal threat of flogging and total stifling of the soul were the images of his existence in the House of the Dead.

Dostoyevsky's imagination was deeply etched not only by the near-execution but also by the epileptic seizures that began to afflict him in 1850. His type of disease has been diagnosed by modern specialists as psychomotor-temporal lobe epilepsy. The redemptive 'ecstatic aura', which he claimed accompanied the fits, did not actually occur but 'was invented in accordance with his religious ideals'.

Dostoyevsky believed that his mental derangement from epilepsy was both sub- and super-human. As he insists in *Notes from Underground,* 'too great lucidity is a disease, a true, full-fledged disease', because this heightened consciousness forces one to see terrible truths about the nature of human existence. Four characters in his novels — Nellie in *The Insulted and Injured,* Myshkin in *The Idiot,* Kirilov in *The Possessed* and Smerdyakov in *The Brothers Karamazov* — are epileptic. The disease of Prince Myshkin, the most striking example, becomes a metaphor for spiritual insight, for his moments of ecstatic devotion and perfect harmony attempt to transcend the limitations of the epilepsy that is responsible for the disintegration of his personality. Solzhenitsyn, who learned from Dostoyevsky, combined the themes of prison and disease in his finest novel, *Cancer Ward.*

Conditions improved for Dostoyevsky when he was released from prison in 1854 and sent to a Mongol town on the Irtish River to start his military service. The man who began his ordeal by reading the Bible in an isolated cell in St Petersburg now wanted, more than anything else, to have books and solitude. He was befriended and protected by the young prosecuting magistrate, Baron Wrangel. He fell in love with the widow of an alcoholic official,

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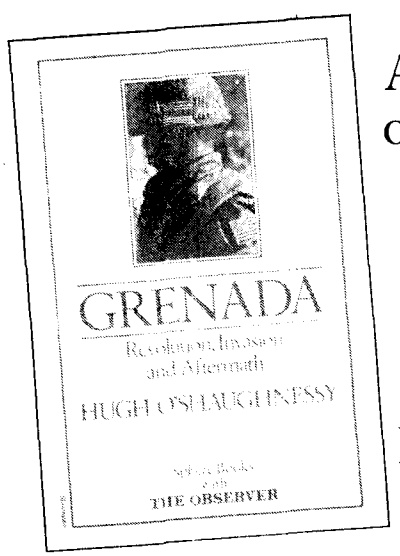

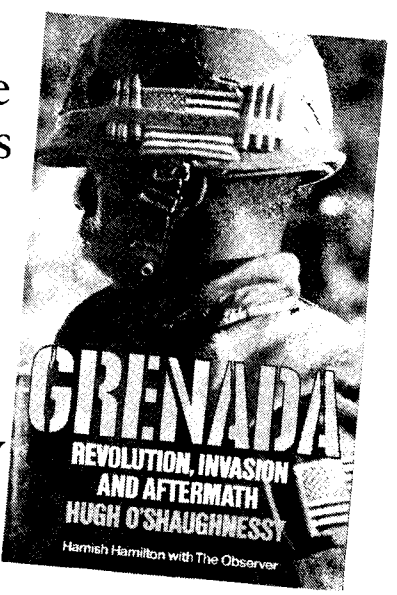

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conducted his courtship with melodramatic intensity and celebrated his honeymoon with a convulsive fit. She was as terrified of his epilepsy as he was of her tuberculosis, which caused her early death. After extensive manoeuvring, Dostoyevsky was promoted to officer's rank in 1857 and granted permission to publish. But his second literary debut was less auspicious than the first. For Tolstoy had appeared on the scene and provoked Dostoyevsky's hopelessly inaccurate prediction (equalled only by Gide's judgment of the young Proust): 'In my opinion he will write very little.'

Instead of intensifying his revolutionary ardour and hatred of Czarist oppressors, Dostoyevsky's decade of punishment and servitude turned him into a reactionary, a monarchist and a Slavophil who extolled the moral rectitude of the peasants and the Christian ideals of Holy Russia. He regretted his blind folly as a would-be revolutionary conspirator, admitted that he had been justly condemned and abandoned all hope of stirring the torpid masses. He was surprised and pleased by his resilience and strength in adversity, adopted the Orthodox valuation of suffering as a superior moral good and, Frank concludes, 'began to look on his arrest and conviction as a providential act of God, one that, in causing him to shed tears of expiation, had restored him to the Russian community and thus given him back his self-respect as a man'. □

POLITICS
M.H. Ryle

Either . . . or?

From Red to Green: Interviews with New Left Review
RUDOLF BAHRO *NLB* £17.50 *Verso* £5.95

As the title suggests, *From Red to Green* is centrally concerned with the dialogue between socialism and political ecology. This series of interviews, conducted between 1980 and 1983, begins by outlining Bahro's personal and intellectual history, his work on *The Alternative in Eastern Europe*, and his imprisonment in the GDR. However, the sharpest questions and responses focus on his current role as activist, theorist and polemicist of the West German peace and green movements. The book can readily be recommended to any socialist who still thinks of 'the greens' (German or British) as a mere coalition of environmental pressure groups, whose demands can just be dovetailed into the existing frameworks of the Left. It will also extend the thinking of disarmament campaigners, for Bahro, who sees the peace movement as an integral element in a more general ecological awakening, insists that such awakening is essential: 'without a cultural revolution we have no chance against the arms race.'

Having said this, and having acknowledged that this is an uncommonly lucid and stimulating work, one must add that anyone looking for an introduction to these themes would do better to begin with the last section of Raymond Williams's *Towards 2000*, with André Gorz's *Farewell to the Working Class*, or indeed with Bahro's own recent collection of essays and speeches, *Socialism and Survival*. The format of *From Red to Green*, which brings a supple but consistent Marxist interrogation to bear upon Bahro's intransigent utopianism, has encouraged his taste for provocation while allowing him to cut short his arguments just as they need to be elaborated or qualified. 'My main task is to help unite the forces of socialism with those of the ecologists,' he wrote soon after arriving in the West, but the goal of unity recedes ever further in the subsequent exchanges, which offer instead an emphatic delineation of fundamental differences.

The differences certainly deserve emphasis. Conventional socialist thinking cannot ignore the challenge of these eloquent theses. Our industrial culture's very mode of production has an 'exterminist' dynamic, argues Bahro. This cannot be halted just by expropriating the owners of capital, and will never in any case be transcended through the struggle to defend workers' immediate interests, since that struggle 'takes place on a carousel which guarantees the continued reproduction of the system'. Equally challenging is the broad sweep of Bahro's historical generalisation, with its recurrent reference to the fall of Rome and its unexpected but often illuminating appeals to religious tradition. If we agree that accelerating depletion of the earth's resources, and the violation of our habitat by headlong industrial expansion, now confront us with a crisis 'comparable only with the transformation of man the nomadic hunter into man the agricultural settler', then such breadth of vision becomes imperative. And yet this sense of historic perspective and historic choice is itself surely a legacy of the Marxist and socialist tradition which Bahro increasingly discounts — just as the question of how (on what existing social basis, by what political strategy) we are to move into a more hopeful future has absorbed the imaginations and the lives of generations of socialists. Bahro, too schematically impatient with all that lived history, seems almost to exult in the disarray of social democracy, of Marxist culture, of trade unionism. And, right though he is to underline the absolute wealth in world terms of the European working class, he seems indifferent to the relative poverty, and other oppressions, which that class does suffer. All this culminates in a strategically hopeless false dichotomy: *either* a politics of existing contradictions and struggles, *or* the transcendent leap into a new collective eco-consciousness.

Again, the book's oppositional format partly accounts for this lapse into dichotomy. I hope that Bahro, grown somewhat more self-critical, will soon attempt a more leisured, and measured, argument of his case. Socialism, if it is to regain its authentic radicalism, must take swift account of the questions posed by the green movement: we need a many-sided debate, a new political coalescence. In this, as *From Red to Green* (for all its overstatement and one-sidedness) fully shows, Bahro has an invaluable contribution to make. □

FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Human bondage

1982, Janine
ALASDAIR GRAY *Cape* £8.95
Betrayed by Rita Hayworth
MANUEL PUIG *Arena* £2.95
The Twilight Years
SAWAKO ARIYOSHI *Peter Owen* £8.95
The Words to Say It
MARIE CARDINAL *Picador* £7.95 & £2.95

All these stories beat a path to a psychic interior through unfamiliar cultural terrain. In each case, it's a rough but rewarding ride, leading to the conclusion that, though individuals go mad in private, the world outside is generally crazier.

Alasdair Gray has devised his own blurb for **1982, Janine**, as well as zany chapter summaries, page headings, hints to critics and intricate typographical patterns denoting delirium, barbed wire and sexual postures. 'This already dated novel,' he tells us, 'is set inside the head of an ageing, divorced, alcoholic, insomniac supervisor of security installations who is tippling in the bedroom of a small Scottish hotel.' Since whisky cannot create happy memories, Jock McLeish uses it to submerge painful ones and to fuel sado-masochistic fantasies of the sort featured in *Hogtie, Knotty* and *Harlots in Harness*.

So far, so unpromising. Any synopsis of the plot is bound to repel the thoughtful, sensitive, principled readers whom Gray deserves. The thrill of chastisement (sanctioned by 'the bloody old Bible'), the solace of revenge, the urge to hurt and humiliate what is desired, takes some explaining. In the intervals of manipulating his imaginary victims, McLeish traces their origins in his own life amidst the institutional forms of power and possession that have, over five decades, poisoned the planet and left Scotland wired for nuclear war. Politics, he complains, won't leave him alone.

America is the land of dreams. Hence the emendation of Janine's 'arse' to 'ass' and the assertion of Jock's only friend that he has been misled by the movies. Kids growing up in the Thirties, from Peebles to La Plata, were in thrall to Hollywood, as we learn from Manuel Puig, a gifted novelist and film maker, now exiled from his native Argentina and acclaimed in Europe and the United States. **Betrayed by Rita Hayworth** spans the first fifteen years of Toto Casals, child of a pampas province who shares his mother's delight in the cine-glamour of 'lamé dresses, feather fans and long white tulle curtains that fall in cascades'. So obsessed is he with songs and scenarios and his collected picture-cards of the stars that, when a second son is born, his father resolves to lose no time in making a man of him: 'boxing, soccer, right from the start, and no spoiling'.

But the baby dies and goes to limbo and Celia dies of tuberculosis and Hector is orphaned and

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the cattle die of drought. Housemaids are raped, schoolgirls get pregnant, and we hear of these events obliquely, through gossip and rumour, snatches of desultory chat, glimpses of violence, the reverie of a playground gangster, a piano teacher's diary, a letter which is never posted... It's a subtle and effective technique, enabling us to eavesdrop on a whole community — if one which will frustrate those who like their fiction clear-cut.

The Twilight Years by Sawako Ariyoshi is equally enigmatic in its way, though the narrative is straightforward and everything is seen through the eyes of Akiko Tachibana, a simple suburban matron who works in a Tokyo office. One day, her irascible father-in-law, who lives in the adjoining house, complains that his wife won't get out of bed. She has, in fact, died of a stroke some hours earlier.

After the funeral, Akiko alone shoulders the burden of caring for the senile Shigezo, each stage of whose geriatric decline is minutely charted: digestion; excretion; the lack of public provision for the aged; the failure of hired help. The success of this novel in Japan must have been due to its pioneering emphasis on female self-sacrifice. When Shigezo empties the funerary urn to gnaw his wife's bones, it seems a fitting symbol of their marital relationship.

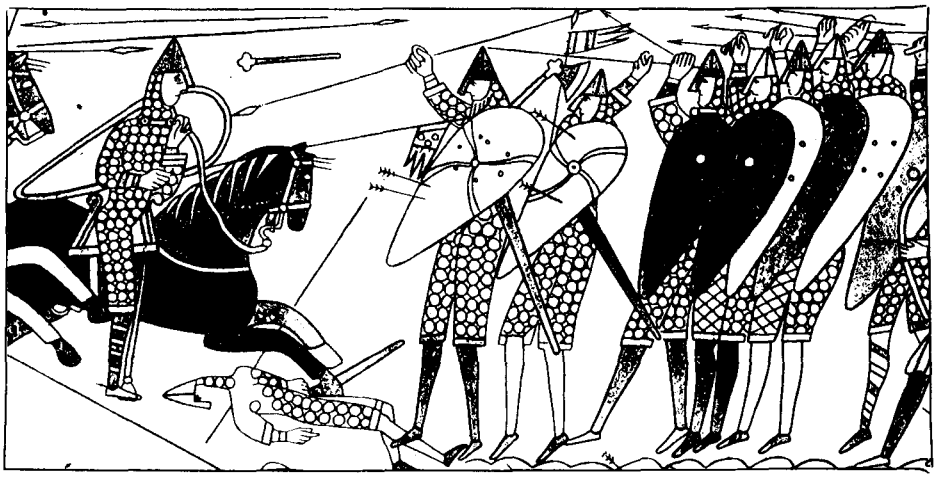
Yet the implied challenge to traditional values remains equivocal. As he awaits death, Shigezo is venerated as a god, not least because his incontinence prevents him from entering the toilet, 'a place of defilement'. Long-suffering Akiko recoils from less dutiful women, who resent drudgery. Beyond her representative role of domestic devotion, she has no discernible character at all. This may be partly the fault of a stilted translation. Alternatively, one may blame the intrinsic difficulty (for us) of a literature in which irony cannot be detected and where an alien code of manners masks a horror of the flesh.

Integrating the anus and its function into her self-image was the culminating task of Marie Cardinal's psychoanalysis, described in her prize-winning autobiographical novel **The Words To Say It**. Towards the end of this seven-year process, which was undertaken as a treatment for depression, she admits to feeling that she belonged to 'an elite, a sort of secret society'. Only fellow-initiates of unwavering faith could hail this book, with Bettelheim, as proof that Freud works miracles. Others may regret that a vivid personal history should be construed as a pathological case and cited as a triumph for the profession. The stock-in-trade of the therapist (who rarely spoke, except about his fees) relegates to the margins of attention all those aspects of the narrator's experience of which one might wish to hear more: the Algerian war of independence; her job; her radicalism; the husband who deserted her; the children with whom she was left.

Her madness dates from her marriage which, to judge by the little we know of her circumstances, should come as no surprise. Yet clinical diagnosis attributes the symptoms, as always, to bad mothering from conception onwards. *Cherchez la femme*. Marie Cardinal's elegantly written homage to 'the doctor who helped me be born' may be read by sceptics as an indictment of a misogynistic orthodoxy and of the restrictions it imposes upon the expression of the truth. □

ART
John Spurling

Wide open



'Graceful and touchingly vulnerable': a Stothard engraving from the Bayeux Tapestry (detail)

English Romanesque Art 1066-1200
Hayward

Sir William Rees-Mogg, caudillo of the Arts Council, has now been frustrated twice in his attempts to get rid of the Hayward Gallery. The hero on both occasions seems to have been the chairman of the art panel, Sir Roy Strong. He, at least, even if he doesn't love the Hayward as a building any better than most of us, is in a position to know its irreplaceable value not only as a national and international exhibition space, but as the base for the Arts Council's regional touring programme.

It is presumably either unknown or unimportant to Rees-Mogg that, since the Hayward's opening in 1968, its record of exhibitions, major and minor, ancient and modern — embracing Matisse, Van Gogh, Claude, Piranesi, Palladio, Lutyens, Pissarro, Rodin, Picasso, Dufy, Surrealism and the German Neue Sachlichkeit, the arts of India and of the North American Indians, Islamic carpets, Florentine frescoes as well as numerous contemporary artists of all ages and degrees of distinction — has made London one of the major art venues of the world. The Tate and the RA, the National Gallery and the V & A have chipped in with some important shows too, but the Hayward — for its variety and scope, its ability to concentrate exclusively on special exhibitions and its steady dedication to new work — has been *primus inter pares*. Furthermore, visual art is virtually the only area in which the Arts Council works directly, paying for its own end-product, rather than subsidising somebody else's. The immense success, both artistic and popular, of its exhibition policy (in London and the regions) argues not that it should give up what it does so well (and so comparatively cheaply) but, on the contrary, consider running its own theatre and publishing house too.

Meanwhile, we should not so much rejoice that the Hayward has been saved again, as take breath and buckle up for the next round, since the gruff, grudging tone of the relevant paragraph in the caudillo's satirically-titled policy-document, *The Glory of the Garden*, promises almost nothing:

> Given present uncertainties about the future ownership and operation of the GLC's present freehold interest in the whole of the South Bank arts complex, the Arts Council cannot predict what its future relationship with the Hayward Gallery will be. If the Hayward Gallery were no longer available for the kind of exhibition programme which it has enjoyed hitherto, the likely result would be substantial savings to the Arts Council. However, the Council does not seek such savings, and has not allowed for them in finding the necessary resources to finance the development programme set out above. It will therefore continue to run the Hayward Gallery, as well as the Serpentine Gallery, and to mount the regional touring programme which is serviced from the Hayward.

Anyone brought to trial in a Stalinist purge and hearing such a reprieve from the lips of the prosecuting judge would have been foolish to fancy his chances of a ripe old age.

It's perhaps just as well that the reprieve came through before the latest Hayward spectacular opened. Admirable, serious, scholarly, enjoyable as it is, *English Romanesque Art* is unlikely, I would guess, to break any popular or financial records, or to prove to the self-styled gardeners at the Arts Council that it had to be shown at the Hayward and nowhere else. It is the first of a series of exhibitions of mediaeval art whose Anglo-Saxon and Gothic follow-ups are scheduled for the BM and the RA respectively. Laid out rather austerely in settings designed to evoke the sturdy cellarage of some post-Conquest building, this show's chief, immediate impression is one of insufficiency. Not that there are too few items — there are some 550 in all — nor that they are not catalogued with the most painstaking zeal by the various specialists on coins, ivory carvings, metalwork, stained glass, seals, sculpture, manuscripts, etc. whose previous articles in

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learned journals occupy so much of the bibliography; but that the whole subject is fragmentary and conjectural. Its initial difficulty is wittily summed up in the first gallery on the label beside a battered carving: 'The question Anglo-Saxon or Romanesque is wide open.' Quite so. Wide open too is the question of what this carving actually depicts and it is warily entitled 'The so-called Sigmund relief'.

The term 'Romanesque' itself is simply the up-to-date version of 'Norman', implying a European rather than a purely local context, and its major artefacts, as the catalogue is careful to stress, were the great churches and fortifications that went up all over William's new kingdom. Nevertheless, although the exhibition necessarily confines itself to such moveable objects as have survived the normal depredations of 900 years and the special attentions of Henry VIII's monastic asset-strippers and of Cromwell's Puritans, it is not just a display of minor decorative arts. As Neil Stratford points out in his essay on metalwork, 'the Romanesque "precious arts" were more highly valued than any monumental painting or sculpture'. Indeed if one enters the show with a vague notion that Romanesque implies something rather rugged, robust and primitive, one is likely to come away feeling the opposite: that what the artists — and presumably their patrons — most valued were delicacy and sensitivity.

The graceful and touchingly vulnerable warriors in the Bayeux Tapestry (here represented by Charles Stothard's early 19th-century hand-coloured engravings) are all one with the exquisitely modelled Christs — whether cast or carved — from metal or ivory crucifixes, and even with such a giant and supposedly malevolent figure as that of Goliath (in a manuscript illumination), who treads softly towards David with the air more of an apprehensive parent than a triumphant bully. Everywhere you look the angle of people's heads and the fluid movements of their arms and bodies seem to imply civility and diffidence, while their long pointed feet — sometimes bare, sometimes neatly encased in leather, cloth or chain-mail socks — set at rakish angles or trailing languidly over the bottom edges of their frames, suggest those of dancers more than of soldiers, missionaries or men of affairs.

Of course much of the art of these consummate craftsmen consists of fitting a great deal of incident into a very small space (the opposite of most of our contemporary artists), so that the general sense of polite accommodation is probably as much technical as actual. There's certainly no suggestion that William or his successors set a kindly, liberal tone to their government. On the other hand, at least one of them, Henry I, suffered anxieties about his subjects. An historian called John of Worcester happened to meet the king's doctor and hear at first hand (an early example of the Whitehall leak) how Henry had had dreams in which angry peasants, knights and prelates had all severally complained about the economy. The nightmares are luridly illustrated in red and green and perhaps contributed some 450 years later to Shakespeare's insight into the uneasy consciences concealed by crowns.

Gradually, then, as the exhibition unfolds, that first impression of insufficiency — of a society too distant and too shattered by time to be more than a scholarly curiosity — is overlaid by the unmistakeable warmth and humour of the artists. They were, one gathers, as good as any in Europe and certainly the exuberance of their carving and the elegance of their line proclaim a more than provincial self-confidence. □

EXHIBITIONS

Dennis Duerden

How do you view?

BOTH COLLECTING AND anthropology are nowadays considered suspect. Collectors of other peoples' material cultures are regarded as threatening those cultures' identity, while the image of the anthropologist is that of a figure like Frankenstein: a mad scientist whose attempts to perpetuate former colonial societies involve him or her dissecting those societies after they have been imprisoned in the colonialist laboratory. (The image is reinforced when it is revealed that the earliest anthropologist collectors were craniologists — no collection was complete without skulls.)

And yet, the museums of Oxford and Cambridge concerned with archaeology and anthropology — the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford and the Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology at Cambridge — are celebrating their centenaries this year with exhibitions about precisely those activities: collecting, anthropology and anthropologists' collections. And the Oxford exhibition even includes General Pitt-Rivers's craniometer: a large steel calliper for measuring skulls.

On the face of it, these museums appear to be attempting a difficult task, in trying to raise large sums of money to improve their buildings and their displays. They could, however, carry out an invaluable service to multi-racial education by succeeding in bringing together the two disciplines of anthropology and art.

Most visitors to the Cambridge exhibition will respond to the beauty of the objects. A large proportion of them, however, were made for daily household use, or as tools for various occupations — so that some writers might claim that none of them was intended to be looked at as 'art'. Even those objects not made for everyday use were made for magic, ritual or religious purposes. But these categories are all debatable. To take one type of object as an example: masks were used, all else aside, for their visual effect in performances, and their merits were discussed from this point of view. When we look at Fiji oil-dishes, or a Shona head-rest from the area of what is now Zimbabwe, we might easily compare them (to their advantage) with sculpture by Brancusi or Arp — and we would not have looked at them in this way if those artists had not intervened in the history of 20th-century art by using similar works as models.

On the other hand, the original collectors themselves did not consider them as works of art, but as scientific specimens, relics of fossilised cultures which were in danger of imminent disappearance. As most of the collectors started as botanists or zoologists, they regarded material cultures rather like rare plants or animals in danger of extinction. As early as 1845, Jomard, formerly Director of the Egyptian institute in Cairo (established by Napoleon), devised a system of classification to fit these 'remains of a past which was disappearing and vanishing without hope of return'. His system of classification set out to demonstrate the degree of progress which had been attained by 'uncivilised peoples'. It therefore anticipated the system devised for General Pitt Rivers's collection — which the museum must leave undisturbed in its displays, according to the terms on which he donated it. For this reason, the Pitt-Rivers Museum remains a valuable monument to 19th-century history.

It was the alienation of the objects which resulted from the use of a similar scheme which attracted Picasso when he introduced the Western world to the prismatic qualities of the African mask in his painting *Les Desmoiselles d'Avignon* in 1907. His search for new forms had led him to the Trocadèro (now the Musée de l'Homme) and he was attracted by the apparent neglect of the aesthetic in the presentation there. Perhaps the manner of the presentation acted as a catalyst to his own strong reaction against the symbolist aesthetic.

For Western artists, African masks remain exotic even today, as do Oceanic and Native American objects. They are part of 'the other', the subject of a seminar held recently by the German Historical Institute. Brought together to discuss 'Perception in History and Anthropology: the Problem of Otherness', distinguished German and British scholars — who were as much concerned with questions of sex and gender — claimed that the classifying and categorising, as well as the inverting and negating, are devices which have been used by social anthropologists to distance themselves from their subjects (in the same way, they claimed, as woman looks at man, or man looks at woman).

How does the modern museum of 'material cultures' overcome this problem of exhibiting 'the other'? The centenary exhibition of the anthropology part of the Cambridge Museum of Archaeology takes place at the Fitzwilliam Museum, a suitable place to consider the breach between anthropologists and art historians. The exhibition is divided into the areas where the anthropologists did their field-work and presents us with an opportunity to compare the styles of those areas. Some of the best examples from New Guinea were collected by Gregory Bateson, whose cognitive type of anthropology might be considered a starting point from which to bridge the gap with art history.

If a theory of cognitive systems, in which man-made objects help to mediate between ourselves and our society and our environment, can also be translated into a theory of art styles, the task of the historian of non-Western art might be an easier one. The present concentration on modern Western art in art departments, and the thirst for scientific objectivity in anthropology departments, seems to have descended from the separation of 19th-century museums, and the implicit racism of this schematic divide. □

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FILMS
John Coleman

Bettering one's apes

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes (PG)
Warner; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads
Silkwood (15)
Odeon, Leicester Square

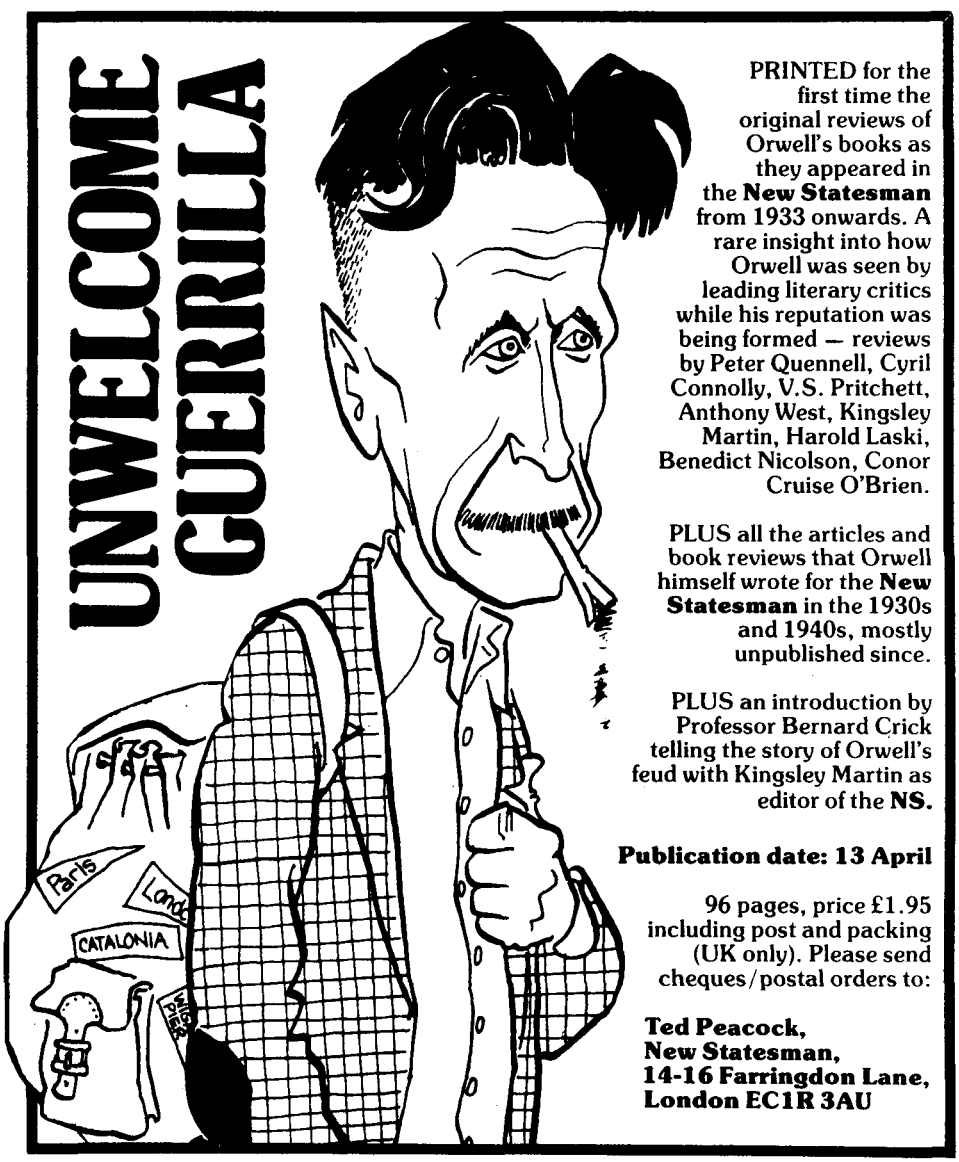
Forget the yodelling puerilities of all those Saturday matinees. Here, brought in at $28m., is a Tarzan film in which the very name 'Tarzan' — as if soiled by such past associations — is only to be found in its full title. Hugh Hudson's **Greystoke**, with a script by P.H. Vazak (Robert Towne, in fact) and Michael Austin, sets opulently out to restore, and even enhance, what there is of pathos, dignity, romance and high adventure in Edgar Rice Burroughs's original conception. The 130-minute result — Hudson would have liked it longer, but Warners decreed otherwise — certainly looks expensive, from the Cameroon locations (with some Elstree-jungle assists) to the magnificent Greystoke ancestral home, a fusion of Floors Castle and Hatfield House. For the tale as recounted here moves from the shipwreck off the African coast of Lord and Lady Clayton; the swift orphaning of their baby son; his adoption by the apes whose leadership he assumes, become man; this ape-man's six-month short course in language and manners by a Belgian explorer — to his return to England as heir to the earldom and the passionate torments of love, grief and what we may surely call an identity crisis which he there undergoes before the call of the wild proves too strong.

Whole passages of this perilous stuff are very well done. Rick Baker's ape-costumes and special make-up effects and the tutoring of the bodies inside and behind them are masterly, so that the alert spectator can distinguish among them and their grunts (whose hoo-hoo is whose) where it matters. The little-known French actor Christopher Lambert, with some smack of the young Belmondo, does the loin-clothed, liana-swinging as persuasively as anyone yet has, and more than most, slinging a dead panther casually round his neck like a tippet; he is equally good as the bewildered but astute beneficiary of 'civilisation', fingering family portraits, brilliantly mimicking someone's posh vacuity over dinner, puzzling over a mechanical bird in a cage yet learning Latin (inevitably an advanced tense of *amo*) from the earl's delicious American ward (Andie MacDowell). But the director has been especially shrewd in surrounding this handsome, affectionate nature-boy with several outstanding performances. The late, great Sir Ralph Richardson is sheer delight as Lord Greystoke, making almost credible the dreamy ease with which most accept this grandson's eccentricities, turning a fleeting fishing interlude into something outrageously funny: his is, in both senses, the truly moving presence of the occasion. John Wells delivers a superbly reined-in portrait of a po-faced, self-serving scientist, James Fox is appropriately stiff and caddish as that ward's suitor rejected in favour of her virile Latin pupil, and Ian Holm's Belgian mentor is as crustily detailed as his trainer in *Chariots of Fire*.

Hudson's biggest achievement, in which he is formidably abetted by his cast, is not so much the vast scale and ornamentation of this 1880s entertainment as the skill he deploys in ensuring most of the laughs come where intended; in the handling, for instance, of the whooping heir's love-making with Miss MacDowell's smitten American ('Leave us now, Iris, please,' exquisitely said to her maid as Lambert just pops up in her boudoir). And this savage is noble enough to surmount the quite appalling hazards of a sequence towards the end, where — the earl dead — he stumbles into an animal laboratory, releases an aged ape, only to suffer a further grief at a death, howling at the loss of an earlier paternity. Yet, and there is a yet, though one was often impressed, amused, even pleasurably excited by the goings-on, one somehow failed to be touched — as was clearly intended — by the plight of a fellow torn between two worlds. It is probably asking more than a script based on Burroughs would or could yield, but phantom images from Truffaut's mesmerisingly painful *L'Enfant sauvage* kept coming to mind; and do as I write. There is something altogether too abrupt, too facile about the translation from jungle to manicured lawns in this *Greystoke*; the gestures made towards teaching are, frankly, wishful and scamped; the crucial suspension of one kind of disbelief, so that a necessary trust of an easier sort is established, never has room to take place. Simply, in the last resort, I didn't believe a word of it.

Mike Nichols's welcome return to direction with **Silkwood** turns out to be an even larger baffler, being neither fiction nor documentary but good red herring. In life, Karen Silkwood, 28, lab assistant at an Oklahoma plutonium plant, believed to have with her documented evidence of dire and nefarious practices at the works, died when her car mysteriously went off the road on 13 November 1974. The matter has been well rehearsed in public and large areas of doubt as to the truth of things remain.

The only sure truth about *Silkwood* the film is that Meryl Streep gives yet another totally compelling performance, as a sloppy, mini-skirted, instinctively flirty occasional pot-



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smoker and bubble-gum blower, who has left her common-law husband and kids and gradually finds herself drawn into union activity and thence into amateur detection. Hard to take your eyes off her, even to glance at fine appearances by Kurt Russell as her boy-friend and Cher as her house-sharing chum, a lesbian. But the real Karen had no such lesbian chum, and so on and so forth. Better outright fiction than this reasonless hybrid, where the sense of wasted talent is forbidding. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Bridal paths

DR DUC HEP was pirated five times and his wife and daughters raped before their leaking junk limped to Bidong island in the South China seas. Five years ago, when Harold Williamson made his first documentary, there were 40,000 middle-class Vietnamese clinging like cormorants to this barren heap, eating out of UN tins and awaiting a passage out of Hell into the heaven of anywhere else. The answer to his follow-up film **The Boat People — Happy Landfall?** (BBC-2) is mostly yes, with some notable exceptions: of the 16,000 grudgingly shouldered by Britain, 80 per cent are currently out of work following a jolly policy of dispersal which has left them isolated and lonely.

The story is very different in Florida, where the total of 130,000 who made it to America (clips from *West Side Story*!) have been allowed to foregather and prosper in that congenial weather, fishing for shrimps and packaging spring rolls. We met Lam, who drives a taxi in Tampa. Then a thinner Lam arriving on Bidong five years earlier. His blushing bride, obliged to add embarrassment to the humiliation of exile, had been asked at that time whether her marriage of convenience had led to love. What a strange question that must be for a refugee. 'I suppose I must owe him something after what he has done for me,' was the best she could do to satisfy our Western taste for Romance in Adversity. She too has now fallen happily: after five years of struggle she has her own bakery shop in Brussels, where she works 11 hours a day. Ah, but what about a boyfriend, asked Williamson on our behalf. Hard-working women like Thérèse-Marie usually take lovers. What could she say? 'It is a question I will have to think about,' she allowed — in time for Williamson's next round-up of old Bidongians perhaps? It seems that the middle classes of the earth are a kind of supra-national community who will claw their way back to their place in the world if it gives them half a break.

Brides of another war were the subject of a riveting human interest programme, **G.I. Brides** (C4), 'romantic interludes in dark times and beyond', by Lavinia Warner. Like the boat brides, the four girls traced for the film seemed to have found their levels in US society by a kind of osmosis, despite the blindfolds of uniforms and wartime excitement. The cockney 'Dom' met her coalmining husband because they both played accordions. 'You could get away with things then,' he remembered. 'You could hide in the black-outs and pick up girls.' The beautiful middle-class Audrey was determined never to date an American when they poured into her area prior to D-Day, so she hid behind one at the local dance. He turned round and married her. Now they're millionaires together: 'I find political people the most interesting,' she said, sipping champagne, in a home out of *Dynasty*, 'they have to be interested in so many different things.'

Erica met Jim in Derby: 'It started off as a joke, but it backfired.' The gritty Erica seemed born to shoulder more than her share of the world's burden. Her late unlamented husband was an unemployed drunk from the deep south who beat her when she was pregnant. Lady Inchcape, widow of a US colonel and daughter of the last white rajah of Sarawak, now relates almost exclusively to stray dogs like any other ageing aristocrat.

What none of them bargained for after their whirlwind marriages and babies was the gauntlet of US officialdom they had to run before they could even go there: barbed wire and dormitories at Tidworth transit camp, de-lousing sessions and questions like 'Do you plan to overthrow by violence the government of the United States?' On the boats which took 70,000 of them to their dubious new lives they were told repeatedly that if they 'fraternised' with any of the crew they would be sent home immediately as girls of ill repute.

Erica found her way down south to be told she was a pale-faced English bitch by her poor-white in-laws. She didn't want her mum to be ashamed of her so she stuck it out and emptied a bowl of spaghetti over her husband's head one night, which seemed to have a sobering effect on him for a while. Returning to the mines was almost as much of a shock for Dom's sergeant as it was for her: a dour Pennsylvania coalmining camp with shacks on the hillside and goats on a piece of string. 'I used to cry alone, because it wasn't his fault really. I think we all thought we were going to be in the Ziegfield Follies or something.' I'm sure she wasn't speaking for the demure Audrey Epton whose husband was busy running for mayor.

Five children later, Erica has married another out-of-work welder and still lives in a trailer park serving spaghetti to dozens of grand-children. Her two sons, wounded in Vietnam, prowl the swamps with their dead father's shotguns, while over in Dallas Audrey prowls the chi-chi Worth Avenue, and up in Vermont Lady Inchcape feeds her mongrels.

Some less heart-swelling pages of this scrap-book were those which illustrated the knees-up-type get-togethers in motels which the war-brides club still organises. Imagine the regrets its drunken members will have had on seeing themselves falling about to the strains of 'A lovely bunch of coconuts', having expressed themselves so poignantly elsewhere in the film. With the exception of gritty little Erica down south, her room plastered with royalty, all these prancing brides had become Americans: plump, oven-ready birds with that glazed and basted look which says to the world that they are stuffed with the best that money can buy. □

THEATRE
Paul Allen

Thinking aloud

Strange Interlude
EUGENE O'NEILL *Duke of York's*
Benefactors
MICHAEL FRAYN *Vaudeville*
Our Gracie
JACK ROSENTHAL *Coliseum Theatre, Oldham*

Early in **Strange Interlude** a Professor of Classics at one of the grander American universities walks into his study to find a family friend, a bachelor writer, awaiting him. He makes a conventional greeting and then turns to say, not to the audience or to a third party but to an area somewhere over his left shoulder, 'Always a calming influence on Nina.'

Although the evening has opened with a long monologue from the writer which has told us the background to the play and much of its emotional landscape as well, this is the first sign of O'Neill's 'interior monologue' technique, the playwright taking on the novelist's facility for telling his audience what a character is saying to himself at the same time as he speaks to other characters. Naturally this risks doubling the play's length. *Strange Interlude* is nine acts long, starts at six o'clock and ends at eleven, and if you are unlucky the bar runs out of sandwiches by the second interval. Some interlude.

But length didn't trouble O'Neill. The scale and rhythm of the piece echo the three parts of a Greek tragedy, and it is easy to see the origins of this story in the mind of, say, Euripides: it deals with a woman, Nina Leeds (Glenda Jackson), who repressed her instinctive impulse to give herself to her lover the night before he left for death in the first war; or rather, since he repressed his instincts too, she failed to 'make him take me'. What we see, over the next 25 years or so, is the working out of this failure, and it involves a lot of 'making' men do things.

Coming to terms with her own sexuality, Nina tries promiscuity, then marriage to a pleasant but trivial oaf she doesn't love; told by her mother-in-law that insanity runs in her husband's family, she aborts the baby that

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might have saved her and starts another with the first healthy male she lights on, the husband's best friend, and then passes the child off as the husband's, to make everybody happy. If this sounds farcical or like soap opera, in performance only the notion of inherited madness seems utterly unconvincing now. The doomed attempt to shape the intractable material of life itself, to manipulate other people to satisfy whatever is driving her in its turn, seems important and often moving.

It helps having Glenda Jackson to play it, of course. It is conventional to notice that she can assume beauty, as if putting on a coat, in a beautiful part. But what struck me more than ever before in this performance was her ability to present the self-analysis of an intelligent and troubled woman while letting her body be taken over by the physical display of emotion.

Whether she is racked by sobbing or letting her head and body suddenly flop in a gesture of loving availability she seems somehow simultaneously taken over by the play and, being an artist, in control of it. There is also an excellent, though sometimes not quite audible, performance by Edward Petherbridge as the old family friend.

In the end *Strange Interlude* is not up to the level of Greek tragedy, but recalls the solid middle-brow television saga, partly because of those interior monologues. They can be poetic, or pretentious; they can be barbed and witty, but they end up spelling everything out in clumping capital letters. In a century when Chekhov has taught us that you can convey what a character is thinking in the spaces between the words, *Strange Interlude* has the attraction and the faults of an old steam traction engine: worth walking round once, but not the best way of getting from A to B.

O'Neill was aware that even when we speak our thoughts out loud we can still lie, though not so consciously. In **Benefactors** Michael Frayn requires his characters to address the audience mainly to cover narrative ground at speed, but also to reveal themselves through the gloss they put on the events they describe for their own benefit and ours. It's a measure of the richness and complexity of this play that when I came out of Michael Blakemore's production I thought I knew exactly what it was about, in my smart-aleck critic's way, but have become less and less certain.

It concerns an architect (Oliver Cotton) who shares the confident Sixties belief that, if you give people good environments, they will be good people. But given a South London development ('Basuto Road') he is forced by economists and town planners to go for a high-rise scheme rather than an echo of his old college. No sooner has he begun to believe in the new scheme than the fashion for high-rise evaporates like morning mist, and leading the opposition is his old friend Colin (Tim Pigott-Smith), a journalist who only comes to life when opposing things, with tacit support from the architect's own wife (Patricia Hodge), who works for a housing trust that is into the now fashionable creed of rehabilitation. The odd extra element is Colin's wife (Brenda Blethyn), a no-hoper housewife who herself comes to life in idolatrous support and help for the architect.

But the last thing this play is about is any sort of sexual infidelity. It is certainly about the notion of doing good and do-gooding (not the same) and about the way the world changes outside your control just when you are trying to change it yourself, like the deck of a ship parting under you as you go to the rescue of a drowning man. It is very much a chamber play and may mystify the fans of *Noises Off* utterly, but it is funny, tender, intelligent and, I think, terribly pessimistic: the best new play of the year so far.

Jack Rosenthal goes in for monologues too, and, in terms of craftsmanship, his use of them is the most sophisticated of them all this week. He gives them to the oldest of three actresses playing Gracie Fields in his bio-play **Our Gracie**, and they are in the form of comic doggerel in the best music-hall tradition. But every word of them cuts against the jollity they purport to express: Gracie had a rotten life, emotionally and physically knocked about by everybody who saw a fortune to be made out of her and used an emotional relationship to further the cause.

Rosenthal uses East Lancashire words and the accent like shrapnel in the opening scenes of his play to establish a warm kinship between the stage and the Oldham audience, something the regional theatre alone seems to achieve these days. What the play doesn't quite find is its own rhythm: this is less a fault of Steve Addison's production than Rosenthal's reliance on film-style fades to end scenes, slackening the hold he has on his audience. But it's lively, and has one copper-bottomed star performance from 12-year-old Anna Casey as the young Gracie. □

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FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

Chicken à la Cartland

PERHAPS THE least recognised comic genius of this century is Barbara Cartland. I recommend her works to *NS* readers with a 'life is earnest, life is real' syndrome — bearable in the summer months, when you can sell *Peace News* on street corners and simultaneously acquire a Benidorm tan, but murder in the winter, especially in the northern antipodes.

I have become addicted to Miss Cartland's column in *Health News*. Although the magazine costs 70 pence, the outlay is easily justified in view of the useful recipes for tofu and prescriptions for how to rid your children of eczema. But don't read it *too* seriously, or you may find that in time you have given up food altogether in favour of vitamin pills, like an astronaut. In fact if you took only the pills and elixirs Miss Cartland recommends — and says she takes herself — you could well find that you have no room for food, organic or otherwise.

Miss Cartland does eat, though, and she has just published a *Romantic Cookery* book to prove it. This was brought to my attention by a friend who knows my perverse devotion to Miss Cartland. Said friend had spotted it in a bookshop, and swore to me that many of the illustrated recipes bore a strange resemblance to the female genitalia. I must say, I took this with a pinch of Lo-Salt — till I saw the royal step-granny on a TV programme about food, commenting as her chef put together some of the recipes from the book.

One dish that sticks in my mind (and to the plate, by the looks of it) consisted of thin flat oval slices of chicken arranged like flower-petals, lightly coated with a Cartland-pink sauce and decorated round the rim with thinly sliced little berry-like substances — Kiwi fruit, perhaps, but more likely passion fruit. My friend was not wrong, was my first thought, and my second was that in order to achieve this pinkly romantic layout there was an inordinate amount of handling of the food substances.

To round off our visit to the Cartland HQ we were shown herself reclining on a chaise-longue with the obligatory peke in her lap, dictating a yard or two of passionate drivel (BC was, that is, not the dog — unless, of course, it was throwing its voice, which I doubt; boring dogs are Esther Rantzen's province, are they not?) to her earnest secretary who sat behind her like a female Freud. At the end of a sentence, Miss Cartland enquired breezily, hardly pausing for breath, 'How many words is that?' 'Seven thousand two hundred and ninety-three or thereabouts,' was the gist of the reply. 'That's enough for today,' Miss Cartland said with evident satisfaction, brushing off the Muse as she rose to. . . I lost the end in an ecstasy of laughter, I'm afraid.

As Romantic Queen of the World, Miss Cartland tells us in *Health News*, she travels it pretty constantly. Her account of her visit to Vienna which begins 'As long ago as 1969, I realised how much health meant to the Austrians when I was asked by Dr Paul Urban to come to Vienna' is not to be missed. Montevideo was a bit of a disappointment. She 'did not see many gauchos with their baggy riding breeches, huge ornamented silver spurs and wide-brimmed hats'. You can tell her standards are high; I would have been content to see only one.

All in all, I reckon, it's the way she tells them, as it is with most comic geniuses. Who else could ramble on for 800 words recommending S.O.D. and keep a straight face? Who else can so perfectly distill the wisdom of the ages into such easily taken verbal pellets as 'for every nettle there is a dock leaf'; 'no lecithin, no brain'; 'a young woman should be a virgin until her marriage' (it's OK for us older ones though). As a medical historian, moreover, Miss Cartland is surely without rival: 'Many fatal illnesses, such as tuberculosis. . . once killed people of every age.'

When my Finals were due and my period was overdue, once, long ago, I prowled the alternative health establishments of Edinburgh seeking remedies for my distraught condition. Everywhere I saw Miss Cartland's poodle-like profile advertising an elixir which, she claimed, would enhance your brain power and stabilise everything else. It was only after I bought the stuff that I realised I had never actually admired Miss Cartland for her *brains*. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2817 Set by E.O. Parrott

Clerihews, please, about sports and games — anything from rugger to Scrabble, ice-hockey to hop-scotch. (NB For the purposes of this comp. sex is not a game!) By 27 April.

No 2814 Set by Gerard Benson

One-line anagrammatic poems.

Report by Ms de Meaner

'Anagram one-liners: moral nannies rage' — who can George Simmers mean? No such ugly emotion disturbed the smug (I mean snug) well-being of the Complex this week. Daffodils are burgeoning in the window-boxes and you are, without exception, the most hard-working, ingenious and imaginative set of compers. All are warmly commended, and two green notes are awarded for each entry which particularly took my fancy, including George Simmers's.

Good dog! O God! God! GEORGE COWLEY

Man the blinds! Girls bathing!
Blandishment in slight garb.
MEIRION DAVIES

I curse cruise. C.I. SEMEONOFF

O lonely, sour, stale tears!
Loss, our only real estate.
MARTIN FAGG

The roses are a passing dream —
Sad the mirage-season's raper.
GERRY HAMILL

A God damn' nuclear mess:
Uncle Sam's Armageddon.
A sly spy in chaos: psychoanalysis.
ERIC SWAINSON

Marching east on Ilkley Moor,
No charming tea-rooms likely.
MARGARET ROGERS

Bottoms up boys — boo, spotty bums!
W.S. BROWNLIE

Sad, weary lot is thine,
wealthy aristo dines.
BOB SCOTT

Dear setters, have pity:
a very despair, the test.
NICHOLAS MURRAY

Gin scene: loud quarrel.
Grandiloquence rules!
Nice Torvill, ace Dean, lit on Ravel ice-dance.
CHRISTINE ADAM

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
I'm a rogue. Say, where lyes thy bed?
NOEL PETTY

An old grin parade enters: President Ronald Reagan.
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

At Easter, new man sets *New Statesman* teaser!
PETER NORMAN

I loved the girl and — all died overnight.
ROY DEAN

Exclusive scoop: PC 'X' uses vice loo.
KEN RUDGE

Angel voices fret for elegant vices.
BILL TURNER

Stan be hog-tied? No, no. He's not into bondage.
KEN WYKE

An odd desire, Andy. A randy sod indeed.
R.J. PICKLES

On the dole —
Noted hole.
KATIE MALLETT

Cathedral? Isle?
is called earth.
GEORGE MOOR

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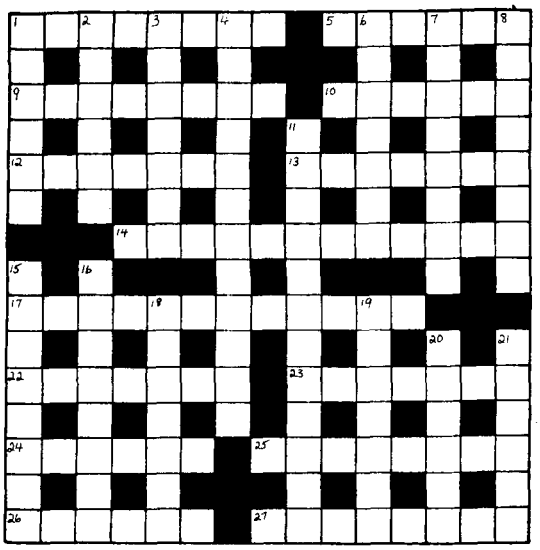
Weekend Crossword 1436

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1436, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 24 April.



Name_____

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ACROSS

1 Animal which looks like a hot bachelor in a hat (8)
5 Have enough money to return a note instead of a penny (6)
9 Mineral served in poet's pub? (8)
10 Writing about a container needed to provide service (6)
12 Fruit which takes up very small space in the changing room (7)
13 Sketch from the departure platform? (7)
14 Advance of journalists on player (5,7)
17 Greedy to examine a beverage I use my nose (12)
22 Not free as a tiller is turned (7)
23 A speed or a vessel (7)
24 Take in as part of a hot drink (6)
25 The one seen in church is a parson (8)
26 The sadness of an almost painful quarrel (6)
27 Possibly not miss a part of Greek tragedy (8)

DOWN

1 Live with Sebastian without being married in suit (6)
2 He guards the second way in (6)
3 Being a quarrelsome person the brother carries a sharp instrument (7)
4 Lord gives warnings of danger before battle (12)
6 Express admiration for those with fewer curves (7)
7 Unusual person who takes a single drink during exam (8)
8 Stretches where the region terminates (8)
11 In fact cousin turns out to be advocate of family virtues (12)
15 Holiday places for fools, we hear (8)
16 Cart hens about for a thief (8)
18 Artist with bird-song at heart (7)
19 Sleep before food is what babies need (7)
20 Last object of translation (6)
21 Protector of two men (6)

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Applications for the posts should be sent to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** to arrive by **24 April 1984,** enclosing full CV including details of Education, Employment and Trade Union Experience. Applicants should give a daytime telephone number for contact purposes. Interviews for short listed candidates will take place on 9 or 10 May 1984.

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For an application form, to be returned by 27th April 1984, write to: Director-General's Department, Ref: 276, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527.

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Application forms are available from John Penney, Head of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Mare Street E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 5331 (24 hour answering service) quoting reference DH 379/NST.

Closing date: 27 April 1984.

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FRI 13 APRIL

LONDON 'Coal not Dole' fund raising benefit for Kent NUM. 7.30pm Moonshine Community Centre (corner Harrow Rd/Victor Rd, NW10. Live Music/spkrs.

BRIGHTON 'The Engineer in a Nuclear Society' first forum in 2-day conf of Civil Engineers for Nuclear Disarmament. 5.45pm, Bedford Hotel. **Details: Sue Daniels PRO for CEND, 38 Williams Rd, Southall, Middx.**

SAT 14 APRIL

LONDON Dayschool on Nicaragua 9.30am University of London Union, Malet St, WC1. Spkrs incl Jeremy Corbyn MP, David Hare, Lord Kennet. Workshops, films. Food/creche. 8pm Sandinista Salsa Benefit – disco, bar, food £2/£1.50 unwaged. **Details: Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign 359 8782.**

LONDON Sickle Cell Society launch of Parent & Adult Support Groups. 3.30pm Brent Community Health Council, 16 Harlesden High St, NW10. **Details: 01-451 3293.**

LONDON 'Direct Elections Now' Brazilian Society meeting 8pm Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Rd, SW7. Live music, poetry, spkrs, Brazilian food, dance.

NOTTINGHAM 'Disarmament: an Independent Foreign Policy?' 2-day conf. for activists. Spkrs incl. Tony Benn, Ken Coates, Michael Meacher. Fee £25 (residential) £5. **Bking & details: Bertrand Russell Peace Fdn. Gamble St. 0602 784504.**

LONDON SACU Women's Tour of China report back meeting and discn. of proposed 1985 tour. 2pm St Pancras Church House, 1 Lancing St, WC1. **Details: 01-267 9841.**

LONDON 'Platform' theatre magazine future policy discn. All willing hands welcome. 2pm **Arts for Labour Office, Meeting Rm 4, ASTMS Head Office, 79 Camden Rd, NW1.**

SUN 15 APRIL

LONDON 'Reporting Ireland – The Media' 4.30pm-7pm A Woman's Place, Hungerford House, Victoria Embankment, WC2. Creche. **Details and disabled access 01-836 6081. Org. London Armagh Grp.**

TUES 17 APRIL

LONDON 'Writing & Politics' Spkr Ngugi Wa Thiong'o 7.30pm Centerprise, 136 Kingsland High St, E8. Adm. free. **Org. Friends of Blair Peach Cttee. & Hackney Worker's Educational Assoc.**

WED 18 APRIL

LONDON 'The Miner's Strike' discn. with senior NUM official. 8 pm The Freemason's Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC1. **Details: Theo Dennison, Socialist Society, 01-692 4998.**

SUTTON 'Defence without Offence' Spkr. Stan Windass of Just Defence grp. campaigning for non-nuclear defence. 8pm Friends Meeting House, 10 Cedar Road. **Details: Sutton CND 01-644 4408.**

SAT 21 APRIL

STOCKPORT Easter Festival organised jointly by CND and Ecology Party. at Trades Union Centre. **Details: Annette Magner, 11 Ashley Rd, Offerton. 480 7688.**

HOLY LOCH, Dunoon. Scotland Easter Alert March. Assemble 11am Alexandra Parade, east of Cal-Mac Pier. Rally Blade Park 2.30pm. Spkr Mike Pentz. **Org Scottish CND 041-331 2878.**

EDZELL, Angus. March from US War Communications Base (cars to Edzell village for shuttle service to assembly point). Assemble 11.30am Edzell base. Rally 2.30pm Edzell Park. Spkr Bruce Kent. **Org Scottish CND, 420 Sauchiehall St, Glasgow. 041-331 2878.**

FORTHCOMING

24 APRIL WIMBLEDON Two new plays by The Sub Culture Nuclear Free Zone Arts Theatre presented by Wimbledon Disarmament Coalition at Drake House, St George's Rd at 8pm.

26 APRIL DUDLEY 'Culture & the Left' discn. led by Richard Dyer. 7.30pm The Swan, Castle St. **Org. Marxism Today/CPGB.**

27-28 APRIL LONDON 'Middle Class Life, Politics & History' Conf. £10/£6 unwaged History Workshop Centre, 42 Queens Sq, WC1. **Details & registration: Brenda Corti, Centre for Social History, Univ. of Essex, Wivenhoe Pk, Colchester CO4 3SQ.**

27-28 APRIL EDINBURGH 2-day Community Information Fair. 10am-5pm St. John's Church Hall, West End Princes Street. **Details: 031-225 2612/031 556 0079.**

27-29 APRIL SWINDON 'Learning from experience in a Therapeutic Community', Lower Shaw Farm. Fee: £60 Assoc. of Therapeutic Communities membs/£65 non membs. **Details & application: Jeff Roberts 01-693 4014.**

28 APRIL LONDON Caribbean Evening in aid of Sickle Cell Soc. 7-11pm The Greenhill Centre, High St. N. Manor Pk, E12. Tickets £3/£1.50 children from 478 5351, 555 5837, 472 8998, 534 0085.

28 APRIL MANCHESTER North-West NUJ Women's Conference – bringing women journalists together to campaign for a better deal. Spkrs from The Guardian, New Statesman etc. 10am Town Hall, Albert Sq. **Details: Saddleworth 70944.**

28-29 APRIL OXFORD Labour Campaign for Gay Rights national conf. at Ruskin College. All details of transport, registration £1, creche etc. from **LCGR office 01-286 9692.**

30 APRIL LONDON Vietnam Victory Day Reception 6.30pm Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Morpeth Terr, SW1. Adm. free. **Tickets & Details: Mrs. Joan Yuille, Britain Vietnam Assoc, 52 St John's Park, SE3. 01-858 7930.**

3 MAY LEWES The Peace Movement in Europe. Spkr. Mary Kaldor and European guest. 8pm Priory Lower School, nr. Grange Gdns. **Details: Kate/Martin for Lewes CND Lewes 77324.**

5 MAY MANCHESTER Launch of Campaign for Press & Broadcasting Freedom in North West. 11am-1pm County Hall, Piccadilly Gdns. Spkrs incl Frank Allaun, Barbara Castle, Michael Meacher. **Details: Phil Turner, 28 Ellesmere Rd, M21. 061-428 6446.**

12 MAY LONDON 'Beyond Poor Images' discn. and exhibition 10.30am-1pm City University, EC1. Tickets £2/£1 unwaged from **Child Poverty Action Grp. Alan Booth, 1 Macklin St, WC2 01-242 3225.**

12-13 MAY SHEFFIELD National Women's Peace Weekend. **Details: send s.a.e. to: Sheffield Peace Shop, 51 Leopold St, S1 2GY.**

14 MAY GLASGOW Housing the Frail Elderly conf. Walton Conference suite, Southern General Hospital. **Details: Melina McGarry, Age Concern Scotland, 33 Castle Street, Edinburgh EH2 3DN. 031-225 5000/1.**

16 MAY EWELL. Non-violent Direct Action Workshop. 8pm Bourne Hall, Ewell, Surrey. **Details: Epsom & Ewell CND Epsom 21348/24055.**

19 MAY LONDON Trade Unions in early Victorian Britain: Conference in commemoration of the 150th Anniversary of the Tolpuddle Martyrs. Adm. free Congress House, Great Russell Street. **Details: Dr. David Englander for Soc. for the Study of Labour History, Arts Faculty, Open University, Walton Hall, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA.**

19 MAY LONDON 'The Workings of Whitehall' seminar arranged by Royal Inst. of Public Administration for the '300 Group'. Chelsea College, Manresa Rd, SW3. Fees £20 membs/£25 others. **Details: Jane Matthews, RIPA, 3 Birdcage Walk, SW1H 9JJ. 01-222 2248.**

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Further details & registration forms from: **NCCL, 21 Tabard Street, London SE1 4LA. Tel. 01-403 3888.**

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27 & 28 April, London History Workshop Centre, 42 Queen Square, London WC1
Themes:
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For full programme & registration write to: Brenda Corti, Centre for Social History, Univ of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ.

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 15 April 8 p.m. 'Good and Evil'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

TIME TO SCRAP MONARCHY? Republic v. Monarchy discussion, 'REPUBLIC' AGM, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1. Thursday 26 April, 6.30 p.m. Free. All welcome. 01-554 8848.

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Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Sirron Typesetting, 14a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1R 0DP.
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

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